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History of famous
songs and poems

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The History of Famous Songs and Poems

BY HENRY E. HARMAN, LITT. D.

Brief Stories of Famous
Songs and Poems, how
they were written and
why.

INDUSTRIAL PRESS PUBLISHING CO.
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DEDICATION

*To all who love the melody of old Songs,
who find inspiration in the stray note of
the long-ago, and who live over again the
glory of Love's Young Dream, coming as
an echo out of the past this little book is
dedicated by*

THE AUTHOR.

OTHER BOOKS

By. H. E. HARMAN

* * * * *

POETRY

"In Peaceful Valley"

"Gates of Twilight"

"Dreams of Yesterday"

"In Love's Domain"

"A Bar of Song"

"Yuletide and You"

"Songs of Florida Shores"

"Collected Poems."

* * * * *

PROSE

"Idle Dreams of An Idle Day"—The story of yachting in Florida waters.

"The Window of Souls"—Three stories:

Beyond the Reach of Pride,

After Many Years,

Magdalene.

HISTORY OF FAMOUS SONGS

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A FOREWORD TO THE READER.

To any lover of music and especially those who love the songs of childhood days and early youth, these brief sketches should be of absorbing interest. The writer has spent many years in research and hard work to put the several sections in readable shape, but it has all been a work of love—and if the reader finds as much pleasure in perusing these pages as I did in writing them—then I shall be well compensated for what I have done.

There has been such a change as to what constitutes real music of late years that one seems almost afraid to put out a book of this kind—a book dealing with the sweet old songs of the long-ago.

The coming of the “Jazz Age” in music followed the nervous restlessness of the great war. That is not music in any sense whatever. It is simply measured noise to which people can dance. It has no rhythmic beauty—no softness of sound—no melody which carries through one’s lifetime a cherished memory.

It is thus easy to draw a line of difference between the jazz craze of today with the sweet old melodies of yesterday, which we of mature years can so well remember.

Every reader of this little volume will promptly recall the effect which many of the songs mentioned have had upon the happiness of his or her life. There are love songs mentioned which carry through almost every life a chain of golden memories, only to be broken when that great Adventure we now call life, is finally ended. There are sweet old hymns, sung in the shadowy cloisture of the half lighted church which drew the soul very close to that great mysterious Hereafter. There are songs of Patriotism, whose memory make all of us better citizens; likewise melodies of defeat that teach us the nobleness of suffering without complaint.

The one regret in preparing such a book, to put in the reach of the many, is that the treatment of the various songs had to be very much curtailed. In most instances a great deal of additional matter could have been added to excellent advantage. And yet, each subject has been treated that the outstanding incidents have been included.

The writer hopes that the book will serve as an inspiration to all who read it and fill each soul with a greater love for our most popular songs and with reverence for those who wrote them.

THE SINGER AND HIS SONG

Sing ye, O man, ye poet men, O sing
Of lowly hearth and wooden lighted fire,
Where life is such a lowly, simple thing,
Unmoved by keen desire.

Sing ye of fields, low horizoned by pines,
Beyond whose tops no fervid wish may
fly,
Where, somehow, fate to lowly paths confines
Slow feet afraid to try.

PERHAPS the greatest personal satisfaction which can come to anyone is the ability to write one song which becomes a popular favorite throughout the world. Men and women may write great novels, standard essays, and histories which become immortal—yet none of these will bring to the soul of the author so much personal comfort and joy as even a simple song which reaches the heart of the great masses.

His song may be ever so simple—so devoid of literary merit, but it arouses in the souls of his countrymen a feeling of patriotic enthusiasm which gives him joy that can come from no other source.

Take as an example, that greatest, perhaps, of all patriotic airs, "The Marseillaise," and from a literary standpoint the composition has little to recommend it to the average student. But when De Lisle wrote the song his soul was overflowing with patriotic feeling for his country—his aim was to stir the heart of every Frenchman—and as a result, we have a military song which will live as long as France herself.

When Robert Burns composed "Auld Lang Syne," out of the multitude of his poems, he never suspected that this particular song would live for ages after he was gone. And yet in its composition he touched a popular note—one which stirred the very souls of both singer and listener, and the result we know—a song which would draw hearts closer together and knit everlasting friendship into closer bonds than any other melody had ever done before.

Thousands of poems had been written about the cheer and comfort of home-life; the joy of home and the home feeling—but the world waited for John Howard Payne to write his "Home, Sweet Home" and give it an air which made it popu-

lar among all people, in all lands. Without a home of his own, he could realize what the joy of home life must be and hence the task was left to this wanderer upon the earth to give us the sweetest home song the world has ever known.

Looking backward to the enthusiasm of a boy's life upon the old farm, scores of poems had been written about the simplicity of country life, but none of these had then won the soul of the great mass of those who had been brought up on the farm. Yet, when Samuel Woodworth, who had composed other pathetic poems on similar subjects, wrote his famous "Old Oaken Bucket" he touched a note on the lute of life which went around the entire world and crowned him as a laureate. Every country raised boy responded to that note, could see the pictures he had drawn, could taste the thirst quenching water from the similar bucket out of which he had drunk himself, and from the very day "The Old Oaken Bucket" was given to the world, it became a classic among our famous songs.

Francis Scott Key listened to the booming of the quaint little English cannon down the bay, near Fort McHenry, Balti-

more—and somehow, there crept into his soul the spirit of patriotism. Finally it came with a rush and overwhelmed Key with its force and power. All at once “The Star Spangled Banner” fixed itself within the soul of the author and in a short time our National hymn was composed. Mingled with its melody were the booming of the English guns—and yet the song and the cause of its writing were so closely intermingled that wherever it is played, it arouses a full quota of patriotism in every American breast. The song was written under the spell of inspiration.

A strange phantasy hangs about the writing of “The Bivouac of the Dead,” by O’Hara, the well known Kentucky author. O’Hara was a kind of soldier of fortune, a man of deep feeling who acted on the spur of impulse. When his comrades in our little war with Mexico were to be brought back from alien graves and buried at Frankfort, O’Hara was chosen to write the ode for the occasion. In this case the man and the opportunity met. In preparing the ode for this National occasion, the author lived over again the years of his youth when he had seen his comrades struck down at his side. The burial of

these brave Kentuckians became a national event in our history. The poem for the occasion was eminently suited for the event. It was sent broadcast all over this country, and next morning appeared in the press everywhere. O'Hara at once leaped into fame; and "The Bivouac of the Dead" became a national favorite.

Somewhat closely allied to this incident in famous song writing is the story of "The Conquered Banner." This old favorite was written at the close of the war by Father Ryan, as outlined elsewhere in a chapter to itself. The war was at an end—the Southern people had been defeated and there was nothing to do but to abide by the result. Father Ryan had served through the entire war as a most faithful chaplain. He had seen its horrors. He knew how desperately his people had fought and how difficult it was to give up a cause for which they had given their all. And yet there was nothing else to do, and the faithful priest, in a few minutes, wrote "The Conquered Banner." It was so well suited to the occasion that the poem became famous at once. It was published in all parts of the country and placed upon Father

Ryan's head a crown of glory which can never be taken away.

Another poem connected with the Civil War, was "Little Giffin," which was written by Dr. Frank O. Tichnor, of Columbus, Ga. The Doctor was a prosperous planter, living near Columbus, and his story in verses of "Little Giffin" is the most pathetic in all our literature. The poem, which appears in a chapter to itself in this book, is self explanatory. It is told in such a tender style that tears come to the eyes of the reader. The little hero could not be conquered. He was every inch a hero—brave to the bitter end. Dr. Tichnor wrote a number of other poems, but not one that compares to "Little Giffin."

Some of the most lovable poems in this book, and which will live for all time, are the old favorite hymns. These take us back to our childhood days and leave their impress for good in our hearts. One rarely ever hears the name of Sarah Flower Adams mentioned, and yet her one song, "Nearer My God to Thee," is perhaps, one of the most widely sung today. It was written nearly seventy years ago,

and I venture the assertion that it has had an influence for good upon more people than any song ever written. It is sung everywhere and by all classes of people. It has drawn thousands of people to the pathway of better living. Furthermore, it embodies a note of hopefulness and cheer which has helped to uplift thousands of others. "Nearer My God to Thee" is a hymn that will last—a hymn that will live and continue to uplift and do good long after the present generation has passed away. Sarah Flower Adams, through this one song has done more than thousands of preachers could possibly do.

Perhaps the next most popular religious song was that written by Dr. Henry Newman, author of "Lead Kindly Light." With its tender sentiment, so softly expressed in the beginning, the song opens into a world of melody that becomes more popular the more it is sung. Dr. Newman, who was born in London in 1801, published a number of books and yet none of these are heard of or rarely ever read at the present day. And still his one great musical classic, "Lead Kindly Light," becomes more popular as the years go by. The song was written in a spell of depression,

when his soul longed for help and comfort. And while the music was not written until years later, by Mr. J. B. Dykes, it is said that the poem was always a comfort to the Cardinal.

A church hymn, which has always been a great favorite—a hymn embodying that quiet comfort which accompanies real religious melody, is "Abide With Me," written by Henry Francis Syte. Next to the others just mentioned, this has perhaps, been one of the most popular. It contains eight verses, of which these two are always favorites:

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me
abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass
away:

Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Within these few lines there is the glow of religious enthusiasm which never fails to stir the very inmost soul of the singer.

When we come to the part of popular music—that which deals with old plantation songs and lullabies, the songs of Stephen C. Foster stand easily at the top. Foster was a native of the North, but when one reads his songs, especially the long line of popular negro songs, one would naturally place him as a native of the South. I doubt if any song writer has ever been as popular as he. Somehow he caught the secret of negro melody and made a wonderful success of his plantation songs. "Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Black Joe," and many others are just as popular today as they ever were, and Foster's negro songs never lose any of their tenderness and pathos. It has always been a mystery how one who spent his life in the North could have so completely mastered the weird beauty of the old time plantation songs.

Frank Stanton, of Atlanta, has also caught the spirit of negro life in the South and among the many beautiful things he has written a number belong to this class. His one great favorite, "Mighty Lak A Rose," overflows with tenderness and sweetness. I believe this song is today

one of the most popular that is being sung. Spending a winter at Miami, Fla. last year, I had occasion to note how very popular this song is. It was played by request oftener than any other. It was whistled on the street everywhere. Somehow it caught the spirit of negro life and among the songs that will immortalize the work of Frank Stanton is "Mighty Lak A Rose."

While not set to music, Miss Howard Weeden, of Huntsville, Ala., has left a number of short poems of negro life in the South which will cause her name to rank among the first in work of this kind. Miss Weeden was brought up in an environment which enabled her to know and understand the anti-bellum negro life. Her life and work will be immortalized by such brief poems as "Eventide," "A Plantation Hymn," "Banjo Song," "Dancing In the Sun," "Way Down South," and others. All of these poems carry the spirit of the old South—the spirit of a people who were attached closely to their old way of living and who found it hard to give up their old ways of life and adopt the new. Miss Weeden was fortunate in being both an artist and a poet. Her pictures of negro faces are true to life and no other artist

has left such a treasure of negro pictures so true to life as she did. Her work was of that unusual kind where the poet and the artist was a combination of both—and while little known in the literary world, she has left to coming generations a record which will be more appreciated as the years go by.

A song which was very popular years ago, but which is seldom sung in this later age, is "Swinging in the Grapevine Swing," written by Dr. Samuel Mintern Peck, who for many years has made his home in New York city. Those who recall the song will remember that it takes one back to childhood days and brings up all the glory of youth and youthful joy. It is true to life from every point of view. The story of its composition, as told elsewhere in a separate chapter, is the one thing in his life work upon which Dr. Peck says his reputation as a writer must rest. It overflows with the joy of youth and those who know the song must agree that it is true to life and will live long after all the other fine work which Dr. Peck has done will be forgotten. This, however, is in keeping with many of our song writers—that upon one poem or song will rest the reputation of a

life filled with earnest effort in literary work.

It is a strange co-incidence that the popular melody "Dixie" seems to be in dispute as to its authorship. In looking up the various authorities as to the origin of the song, I find it attributed to general Albert Pike in the following lines:

"The Southern melody "Dixie" has several versions. The original was written by a Northerner, General Albert Pike, of Boston."

Another authority credits the song to Dan Emmett in the following story:

"Curiously enough, the history of "Dixie" is not at all unlike the history of "John Brown's Body." "Dixie" was composed in 1859, by Mr. Dan D. Emmett, as a "walk-around" for Bryant's minstrels, then performing at Mechanics' Hall in New York. Mr. Emmett had traveled with circuses, and had heard the performers refer to the states south of Mason and Dixon's line as "Dixie's land," wishing themselves there as soon as the Northern climate began to be too severe for those who lived in tents like the Arabs. It was on this expression of Northern circus performers,

"I wish I was in Dixie,"

that Mr. Emmett constructed his song. The "walk-around" hit the taste of the New York show-going public, and it was adopted at once by various bands of wandering minstrels, who sang and danced it in all parts of the Union. In the fall of 1860, Mrs. John Wood sang it in New Orleans in John Brougham's burlesque of "Pocahontas," and in New Orleans it took root. Without any authority from the composer, a New Orleans publisher had the air harmonized and arranged, and he issued it with words embodying the strong Southern feeling of the chief city of Louisiana."

In the "Library of Southern Literature" Mr. J. D. Richardson gives General Albert Pike's birthplace as Boston, but shows that most of his life was spent in Arkansas, where he became a leading citizen and scholar. It matters little, however, who wrote "Dixie," it is today recognized as one of the popular airs of all time and is sung with equal zest by the people both North and South. It seems, however, that Emmet has the first claim to this popular song.

A song which was wonderfully popular during and immediately after the Civil

War was "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Its authorship is attributed to Walter Kittredge, who was born in New England, and a well posted authority on the song has this to say about its composition:

"During the Civil War certain ballads achieved an extraordinary popularity, among which may be mentioned "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," a majestic and sweet composition. It was written by Walter Kittredge, a New Englander, born in 1832. He gave ballad concerts, professionally, at first alone, and afterward with the noted Hutchinson family. He was drafted in 1862, and while preparing to go to the front, composed the words and music of this impressive song, which immediately sprang into immense popularity."

Another writer in describing "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" has this to say about its origin:

"The words and music to the song "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," which the Northern soldiers sang around thier bivouac fires in 1863, were written by Walter Kittredge, in 1862.

"Kittredge had just finished writing a book of patriotic songs, when he was

drafted into the army. While he was preparing to go to the front, he was suddenly moved to write a great song. He seized a piece of paper and a pencil, and in a few minutes had completed the words and music to "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

"At first the piece was refused publication; but it came into popular favor from the author singing it himself, and in a short time a firm in Boston got out a song with a similar title. Then the original was printed, and met with an immense sale."

Patriotic Songs and Poems

“Battle Hymn of the Republic”

“Star Spangled Banner”

“The Bivouac of the Dead”

“Maryland, My Maryland”

“The Conquered Banner”

“Little Giffin”

“All Quiet Along the Patomac”

"THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE
REPUBLIC"

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe

THE popularity of many a well known song has depended largely upon circumstances surrounding its publication. This is true of "My Maryland," by Randall, and "The Star Spangled Banner," by Francis Scott Key. When Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the same local condition made it famous, and the song found a lasting place in the hearts of the American people.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
 of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the
 grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His
 terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

The above is the first verse of this popular hymn and it is so well known through all our country that it is needless to give the poem in full. Few songs then leaped so quickly into popularity, perhaps on ac-

count of the opportune time when it was given to the public.

The poem was written in December, 1861, when the whole country was stirred to its very soul by the military conditions then existing. An opportune occasion and the song met. As a natural outcome, this bugle blast of patriotic outpouring at once took its place in the hearts of our people, and the song has remained a popular favorite since that time. In relating these circumstances, Mrs. Howe has told the story in the following letter:

"In December, 1861, I made a journey to Washington in company with Dr. Howe, Gov., and Mrs John A. Andrew, and other friends. I remember well the aspect of things within what might have been termed "the debatable land." As our train sped on through darkness, we saw in vivid contrast the fires of the pickets set to guard the line of the railroad. The gallop of horsemen, the tramp of foot soldiers, the noise of drum, fife and bugle were heard continually. The two great powers were holding each other in check and the very air seemed tense with expectancy. Bull Run had shown the North that any victory it might hope to achieve would be

neither swift nor easy. The Southern leaders, on the other hand had already learned something of the determined temper and persistent resolve of those with whom they had to cope.

It happened one day that, in company with some friends, I attended a review of our troops, at a distance of several miles from the city. The maneuvers were interrupted by a sudden attack of the enemy and instead of the spectacle promised us, we saw some reinforcements gallop hastily to the aid of a small force of our own, which had been surprised and surrounded.

"Our return to the city was impeded by the homeward marching of the troops, who nearly filled the highway. Our progress was, therefore, very slow, and to beguile the time, we began to sing army songs, among which the John Brown song soon came to mind. Some one remarked upon the excellence of the tune, and I said that I had often wished to write some words which might be sung to it.

"I slept as usual that night, but awoke before dawn the next morning and soon found myself trying to weave together certain lines which, though not entirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet

capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, line after line shaping itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these I felt I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by a morning nap.

"I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pencil which I remembered to have had the evening before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to scribble with scarcely any sight of what I might write, in a room made dark for the repose of my infant children. I began to write the lines of my poem in like manner. On the occasion now spoken of I completed my writing, went back to bed and fell fast asleep.

"A day or two later I repeated my verses to Mr. Clarke, who was much pleased with them. Soon after my return to Boston I carried the lines to James T. Fields, at that time editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The title, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was of his devising. The poem was published soon afterward in the magazine, and did not at first receive any special mention. We were all too much ab-

sorbed in watching the progress of the war to give much heed to a copy of verses, more or less.

"I think it may have been a year or so later that my lines, in some shape found their way into a Southern prison in which several of our soldiers were confined. An Army chaplain who had been imprisoned with them came to Washington soon after his release, and in a speech or lecture of some sort, described the singing of the hymn by himself and his companions in that dismal place of confinement.

"People now began to ask who had written the hymn, and the author's name was easily established by a reference to the magazine. The battle hymn was often sung in the course of the war and under a great variety of circumstances."

Mrs. Howe was born in Boston in 1819 and was married to Dr. Samuel G. Howe in 1843, a well known philanthropist of that city. She was the author of several popular books. All that she wrote, however, is practically forgotten, save her one great hymn, which has placed her name among the immortals.

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER "

Francis Scott Key

Perhaps no song in America has been so widely known and sung as "The Star Spangled Banner," because it thrills with patriotic enthusiasm on the one hand and because of its national character. Whenever patriotic meetings are held and whenever a love for our country is preached the well known air is sung and it never fails to arouse the wildest interest and enthusiasm. Firmly fixed in the hearts of our people, it promises to hold its place for centuries yet to come.

Francis Scott Key, its author, was the son of John Ross Key, who had been an officer in the Revolutionary war. Key, the younger, was born in Frederick county, Maryland, in August, 1780, when the hearts of American patriots were aflame with a love for the new freedom which had been won from Mother England. After a high school education in his native county, he studied law and was admitted to the bar at Frederick, but a little later he moved to Georgetown and was district attorney for three terms. President Jackson

frequently entrusted him with delicate missions, which shows the high esteem in which he was held at Washington.

Key was something of a dreamer and wrote a good many creditable things for the Washington and Baltimore papers. He died in 1843, but a dozen years later his poems were collected and published in book form, many of them containing lines of rare merit.

But all the work of his busy life sinks into forgetfulness beside the one poem which made him famous. But for that one poem, Francis Scott Key would have been forgotten, yet that song will keep his name upon the scroll of fame so long as the American flag waves about a great people and over a free country.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was written in 1814 and under rather peculiar circumstances. While Key was a temporary prisoner on the British warship "Surprise" he watched the British attack on Baltimore, chiefly the bombardment of Ft. McHenry, and for a time it seemed as if the forts protecting the city would fall and the British attack prove a success. Under this strain and suspense every patriotic feeling of Key was strained to the highest pitch.

PATRIOTIC SONGS

All of his love for country was aroused and for hours he watched intently to see what the result would be. Finally, when it was evident the attack would fail, the mists which hung over the forts lifted, and "Old Glory" waved defiantly in the breeze. Then all the glory of the old flag came over the watcher with tremendous force and in a few minutes the famous song was written—all under the spell of the greatest excitement. The original poem, as written at the time follows:

"Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early
light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twi-
light's last gleaming!
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the clouds of the fight
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so
gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs
bursting in the air,
Gave proof through the night that our
flag was still there;
O, say does that Star-Spangled banner yet
wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave?"

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

On that shore dimly seen through the
mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the
towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now
discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's
first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the
stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled banner; O, long may
it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly
swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's
confusion
A home and a country should leave us no
more?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-
step's population.
No refuge could save the hireling and
slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of
the grave;

PATRIOTIC SONGS

And the Star-Spangled banner in triumph
doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave:

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall
stand
Between their loved home and the war's
desolation
Blest with victory and peace, may the
heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and pre-
served us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause
it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our
trust"—
And the Star-Spangled banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave:

The copy of the famous song was taken to the office of The Baltimore American and was set up in broad sheet form by Samuel Sands, a printer's apprentice of twelve. He was alone in the office, all others having gone to the defence of the city. Some minor changes were made in

the original by Key in 1840, when he wrote out some extra copies for his friends, but in the main the poem is the same as originally written.

A beautiful marble monument stands in Baltimore to Francis Scott Key—a gift from the city which prompted his immortal song. Another has been erected in San Francisco by Mr. James Lick. Repeated efforts have been made to build another at his birthplace in Frederick, Maryland, this to be paid for by the voluntary contributions from the entire nation, inasmuch as his poem has become our national song.

The site of the house in which the poem was written is now occupied by the Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal church.

"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND"

James Ryder Randall

"The Marseillaise of the Confederacy" is what some one has aptly called the song which made James Ryder Randall famous, "**Maryland, My Maryland.**"

At the time it was written and sung, all over the South it had all the fire and patriotic stir of the famous war-hymn of France. At that time, 1861, it perhaps did more than anything else to solidify Southern sentiment—and the song alone sent thousands to the front who otherwise would have delayed. Women sang it and wept, while men were quickly swayed to the cause of arms by the fire of patriotic feeling which every line aroused.

The writing of this song was a case where opportunity and the man met. Randall was only 22, of a romantic nature and had just settled down as a teacher in Poydras College in Louisiana. He read in the papers of a clash in his native town, Baltimore, between citizens and a company of Massachusetts soldiers on their way to the front. Maryland was yet wavering, and this, with the incident mentioned,

gave him the subject for the martial song. Up to that time Randall had written but little, yet with this one poem, he leaped at once into fame. It was penned in an inspired moment and from the day it was published to the present it has lost none of its compelling fire.

James Ryder Randall was born in Baltimore in 1829. His early training was entrusted to Dr. J. H. Clark in Baltimore, who had formerly been a teacher of Edgar Allan Poe, in Richmond. After this training, he attended Georgetown College, Washington, D. C., and while a student there he wrote some clever verses for the Washington paper, which attracted wide attention and which gave a hint of his talents in the field of letters.

On leaving college, Randall travelled extensively in the South, especially in Florida, in the West Indies and South America. He was something of a dreamer and drifted to New Orleans and it was there he accepted a professorship in Poydras College at Pointe Coupee, where, as stated above, he wrote his famous song. Afterwards he offered his services to the army, but physically was not eligible for service.

Soon after publication of the poem it was set to music by H. C. Wagner to the tune of "Ma Normandie". Then it was changed by the Misses Cary to "Lauriger Horatius." The publication copyright of "My Maryland" was secured by Miss Rebecca Nicholson, who was a grand-niece of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner."

For many years after the war Randall was secretary to Congressman Fleming and later was secretary to Senator Joseph E. Brown, both of Georgia. During his residence at the national capital he was correspondent for the Augusta, Ga., Chronicle and his letters to that paper were regarded as the most brilliant of their day. He spent considerable time in Augusta, making that city his home for years, so that Georgia almost claims him as her son. Later he was editor of the Anniston, Alabama, Hot Blast, but the later years of his life were not prosperous and were full of many disappointments. He died in 1908.

Among the collected poems of Randall there were many beautiful lines. In fact his "Arlington," "Resurgam," and "There's Life In the Old Land Yet" all burn with the fire of patriotism. They have life,

they move and compel, for all that he wrote was under the spell of inspiration. And yet all of his brilliant literary work sinks into forgetfulness besides the one song that will always live. Perhaps if he had not written "My Maryland" his other poems would be better known. His one book is "Maryland, My Maryland and other Poems," published by John Murphy Co., of Baltimore, 1908. While the original poem contains nine verses, the two stanzas usually appearing in the song are here given:

The Despot's heel is on thy shore,
 Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
 Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
 Maryland, My Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
 Maryland!
My mother State, to thee I kneel,
 Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,

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And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, My Maryland!

While "My Maryland" is still sung and will continue popular, so long as the old time songs of the South cheer and charm the soul, yet there was a time when its martial notes sounded through an expectant land like the call of a bugle. In fact it was a call, perhaps the most urgent and impressive of all other pleadings for "men to the front," a call which swept the entire South, from the Potomac to the Mexican border.

"THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD"

Theodore O'Hara

Perhaps no poem ever written in this country has the strong military tread, the muffled drum-beat of patriotic enthusiasm as "The Bivouac of the Dead" by Theodore O'Hara.

It stands out in striking contrast to all other poems of its kind, which is due to the peculiar conditions under which it was written. If ever a poem had a just claim to inspiration, it was this, and perhaps it was such reason which impelled the author to put into its lines all the fervor and fire of his soul.

In the war with Mexico, Kentucky had furnished a large quota of troops and among these was O'Hara. Many of these patriotic defenders of our flag were killed and buried on the battle fields where they fell.

After sleeping there for many years, Kentucky decided to bring her neglected heroes back and bury them in their native soil. It was a wonderfully inspiring and patriotic duty and for the occasion some

one must write a poem suitable to the event.

Theodore O'Hara had fought with these fallen heroes. He had shared their hardships, had seen many of them fall in battle and had even helped bury many of them in foreign graves. O'Hara had already achieved some distinction as a poet and when the opportunity was offered him to write the ode on the return of his hero brothers to their native soil, no greater inspiration for a great poem could possibly be given to any one. Fortunately the spirit of this patriotic event gripped his soul and he put into the lines of "The Bivouac of the Dead" all the fervor and the glorious inspiration which the occasion merited.

Slowly from the southern border the train bearing Kentucky's fallen brave, wound its way back to the blue grass country which they had loved so well. In a beautifully selected burial ground at Frankfort, chosen by the State, the graves awaited these long exiled sons from their native land. The occasion was one of national patriotic fervor and when, during the exercises, O'Hara arose and read the poem, its spirit and fire at once touched

the whole country and henceforth its author became famous as the writer of a single song. No matter what else he might do with his pen, this one poem would for all time stand out as the laurel wreath above his head.

Theodore O'Hara's life was one of restless adventure. Somehow, the call of the scout was in his blood and this led him into many encounters, in which a dauntless fearlessness marked all his actions. This restlessness of spirit and the absence of any definite aim in life often indicates genius of a high order. History and literature furnish many brilliant examples of the truth of this statement.

O'Hara was born in Danville, Ky., in February 1820. He was educated at a local school nearby and admitted to practice law at an early age. This, however, he soon gave up for a place in the Treasury Department at Washington. Next he was made Captain in the army and when the call came he served through the Mexican war. After this he returned to Washington and resumed the practice of law for a short time, but shortly afterwards joined Weeks' adventurous expedition in Central

America. Next he entered newspaper work, ably editing the Mobile Register.

When the Civil War came on, he was stationed in charge of the port entrance at Mobile, afterwards acting on the staff of Albert Sidney Johnson and was with him when he fell at Shiloh.

When the war closed he entered business in Columbus, Ga., from which he later retired to a plantation nearby, where he died June 7th, 1867.

Seven years after his death, his native State paid the distinguished honor to her son, by bringing back his body to Kentucky and interring it beside his fellow heroes at Frankfort, whose deeds he had immortalized in his "Bivouac of the Dead."

The poem itself consists of twelve, eight line stanzas and throughout the fervid interest is maintained to a remarkable degree. It is a classic in our Southern literature and is so well known that I quote only a few of the verses to show its intense fire and patriotic enthusiasm:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.

BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
But Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast.
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
And din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb."

In a measure O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead" is unlike any other poem produced in this country. The occasion was historic and inspired the most patriotic sentiment. It was, in its way, like bringing back the great Napoleon for interment in his na-

tive France, when the people became so aroused with love for their long exiled hero that they knelt on the ground and kissed the wagon tracks which conveyed his body to its final resting place. Such an occasion was capable of inspiring the adventurous and poetic soul of O'Hara with a fire of intense feeling which could not help but flame forth with the most patriotic song.

"The Bivouac of the Dead" will always stand out as an example where a single song placed upon its author's brow the wreath of immortal fame. It is but another of the many examples where the author and the occasion met. Theodore O'Hara had written, and afterwards wrote, other poems, but they all sink into oblivion besides these lines of inspired melody.

I sometimes think that authors who staked their reputation upon a single song neglected to properly cultivate the talents which nature had given them. And yet in this surmise I suppose we are wrong. Take Randall, Wild, Father Ryan, Peck. O'Hara and others whose literary fame lives in the lines of a single poem, and we find that whatever else these

BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

wrote, suffers in comparison with the one song which gave them a lasting reputation.

In O'Hara's case the elements which produced one great poem were specially peculiar to the one great occasion. His was the adventurous spirit, brave, dashing, daring, his whole life being an embodiment of these characteristics. The military call appealed to his soul. The screaming shell, the cannonade, the sabre glint were impelling forces in his nature. He had served with his fellow Kentuckians at Chapultepec, Buena Vista and on other battlefields, and like them had braved his breast to every form of danger. So, after the long exile, sleeping in alien soil, when these fellow warriors of his younger days were brought back for burial, the occasion became an inspiration that awakened all that was best and poetic within him.

While "The Bivouac of the Dead" contains many lines which are soul-inspiring and lofty in literary clearness, still it is not a poem of the highest order. And yet on account of its splendid adaptation to the occasion for which it was intended and because of its nation-wide publication when read at the imposing ceremonies, in which

PATRIOTIC SONGS

the whole country was more or less interested, this literary fragment of the author's erratic career invested his brow with the laurel wreath for all time to come.

"THE CONQUERED BANNER"

Abram J. Ryan

AMONG the great poems of the Civil War, Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner" stands high in the list of worthies, and but for this one effort of the distinguished priest he might have long ago been forgotten, save among his immediate friends.

That one poem was written at a time when the people of a great section were mourning for a cause that was forever lost. To that cause they had given the flower of their manhood. They had sacrificed, during four long years, all that was best in lives, in property and in unquestioned devotion.

When the South realized that the banner representing this cause was finally conquered, trailed in the dust, the grief which rent every heart was more than any arrangement of clever language can describe. So when Abram Joseph Ryan wrote the memorable poem, "The Conquered Banner," it became, at once, the outpouring of grief for the great suffering soul of a conquered people, just as Randall's

"My Maryland" had inflamed their enthusiasm.

Father Ryan, born in Norfolk, Va., in 1839 and died in Louisville in 1886, was not a master of the technical phases of poetry, but in writing "The Conquered Banner" the occasion and the theme met. All over the South could be seen the smoking ruins of war. A proud, aristocratic people had been crushed by force of numbers. The cause, which they believed in and for which they had staked their all, had been lost. For years that banner had stood for their hopes of success—it was an emblem in which they had faith—it was the thing for which thousands of the flower of Southern manhood had given their lives and their fortunes—their all. The banner was sacred.

So when that dark day dawned—the day when the South realized its defeat, this gentle chaplain, who had served through the conquered army—wrote from the emotions of a soul overflowing with grief, "The Conquered Banner." The song went like wildfire through a country now ruined by war. It was read in every hamlet, and alike in the poverty stricken pal-

THE CONQUERED BANNER

aces of the one-time rich—all now brought to a common level of poverty through one common misfortune.

"The Conquered Banner" was sung from Richmond to the Rio Grande, touching in every soul a popular chord of sympathetic feeling which made it famous. Few songs have ever been written in which the theme and the occasion so eloquently met.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;

Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

PATRIOTIC SONGS

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
 Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
 For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
 For its people's hopes are fled!"

It is said that Father Ryan wrote this famous song in a few minutes, the entire poem coming to him as an inspiration, complete, without any after changes. And yet in that one half hour, he builded for his name and memory a monument that will live forever. That one poem stands out against his lifetime of benevolent work and unceasing toil for the unfortunate. A few minutes of glorious inspiration—God-given and faithfully executed—outweighs all the tedious labor of a life-time of anxious activities. This one song swept

through the souls of men and women who were paralyzed with grief and unable to face defeat of a proud people. It softened their griefs and taught them to bow to the inevitable, no matter how humiliating that might be. It was like a great prayer being poured out by an impoverished people.

"THE MARSEILLAISE"

Claude Rouget de Lisle

IF PATRIOTISM has ever reached its summit of profound bravery, if call to arms has ever had a heartier response and if love of native land has ever stimulated the quickest double step of the soldier, then it has been when the French army marched forth on an hundred battle fields to the quickening music of the Marseillaise.

No song in the world has ever stirred its people to such profound depths, to such acts of bravery and to the undertaking of such super-human tasks. It is said that in the late great war the melody of this beloved song made the French Poilu a piece of adamant—he chose to stand and fight and meet his death gladly, to retreat. It was this which enabled a French commander to make good his assertion: "They shall not pass." The officer knew his men.

With all of its popularity and wide use, few people know the facts concerning the origin of this greatest of military hymns. It was written in April 1792, both words and music by Claude Joseph Rouget de

Lisle. At the time he was a first lieutenant of artillery and stationed at Strassburg.

De Lisle was dining with the mayor of Strassburg on the night of April 24th, and in the course of the dinner the mayor bewailed the fact that the French soldiers had no patriotic song to inspire them. As De Lisle was a musician and poet, mayor Dietrich suggested that he try to write an appropriate national song. To aid as a stimulant and an inspiration he brought out his last bottle of rare old Rhine wine and after the dinner was over DeLisle went to his room to try his luck.

Then, with the aid of violin and piano, paper, pens and ink, much humming, and many hours of trying over and rearranging, he evolved a song, says a writer. After which, being utterly exhausted, he went to sleep with his head on his desk. Next morning he took what he had written to the Baron. Dietrich was delighted, and arranged to have it sung publicly at an early date. It was sung by several different persons, and created enormous enthusiasm wherever it was heard. But it was only chance which made it the great national song of France.

PATRIOTIC SONGS

A few months after its composition it was sung in Marseillaise, by Mireur. So tremendous an effect did it have upon the public that it was impossible to fill the demands for printed copies. The Volunteers were just leaving Marseillaise for their march to Paris, and they adopted it as their *chanson de marche*. So when the hundreds of new revolutionists entered Paris, they were singing Rouget de Lisle's song.

The Marseillaise as generally translated and published contains four eight line verses, with the chorus at the end of each verse. The poem has been translated into nearly all languages and has, perhaps, a wider range of popularity than any other national song. As it is so familiar to the average reader, we quote the first and last verse only, which mark the opening and the climax of the famous song.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!

Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise—
Your children, wives, and grandsires
hoary,

Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,

THE MARSEILLAISE

Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath:
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath:
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

The Marseillaise has no special merit from a literary standpoint, but swing and lift and military fire in its melody has made it world famous. It arouses to the uttermost. It has been a priceless asset to France, the victim of and the sufferer from war. It has a fixed place in the love of the French people and can be depended upon to arouse them as nothing else will.

The Marseillaise is a classic—the crowning glory of all patriotic songs.

It is claimed that this one song has on many an occasion stirred the patriotism of the French army to such an extent as to turn a crisis in battle from defeat to victory. And when this assertion can be made of an unpretending song, having slight literary ability, it reflects all the more credit on the patriotism of a sensitive people. This song has become a part of the military life of France—it stirs every soldier from the Poilu to the highest officer and when the army keeps step to its stirring melody and patriotic notes it means victory for France—if victory is possible.

There is a celebrated painting by G. Guffens in the Pennsylvania Academy of fine Arts showing De Lisle singing the Marseillaise to a selected audience for the first time—which ranks among the famous painting of its kind in modern times.

LITTLE GIFFIN

Dr. Frank O. Ticknor

ASIDE from the songs which have left a lasting impression upon those who grew up during the Civil War and immediately following it, there are many which have left a less stirring appeal, and which will also live in the dark memories of that would-be forgotten period.

Among these I refer to "Little Giffin of Tennessee," written immediately after the war by Dr. Frank O. Ticknor, of Columbus, Ga.

Little Giffin went to the front when it was aptly said that the demand for soldiers was robbing the cradle—went before he was 16, and was terribly wounded. Dr. Ticknor took him to his beautiful country home near Columbus, Ga., for treatment. But as soon as the boy was able to get about he slipped away and rejoined the army—this time to receive the wound which proved fatal.

Dr. Ticknor tells the story in spirited lines:

PATRIOTIC SONGS

"Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle and he sixteen!)
Specter, such as you seldom see,
Little Giffin of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeon said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead."
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome
 bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

"And we watched the war with abated
 breath;
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and the crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

"Word of gloom from the war one day:
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffin was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade goodbye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye,

TIMROD'S ODE

"I'll write if spared." There was news of
the fight;
But none of Giffin—he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I King
Of the princely Knights of the Golden
Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffin of Tennessee."

* * * * *

OF course, during the dark years while the Civil War lasted, many beautiful and touching things were written, which will live as long as our literature endures. Our beloved Paul H. Hayne contributed his full share to the literature of that period and his close friend and contemporary, the immortal Timrod, likewise left his gift to the cause which was lost. Timrod's "Carolina" has something of the military dignity and trend of "My Maryland," but the poem is too long to be quoted here. However, one cannot resist giving a part of that deathless "Ode" he wrote and which was sung on the occasion of decorating the graves

PATRIOTIC SONGS

of the Confederate dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., in 1867.

"Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The Pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
That shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold, your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

* * * * *

ONE of the classics growing out of the Civil War is "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night," the authorship of which has long been in dispute. And yet it matters little as to who wrote the glowing lines, for the poem is nonpartisan, and deals with a phase of military life which endears it to all. The poem took a strong hold upon the public heart and even to this later date, has never lost any of its fevered interest.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and
then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dream-
ing;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn
moon,
Of the light of the watch-fires beaming,
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is
creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering
eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

Songs of Memory

“Rock Me to Sleep”

“Old Oaken Bucket”

“Auld Lang Syne”

“Grapevine Swing”

“The Rain Song”

“Ever of Thee”

“ROCK ME TO SLEEP”

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen

THE lullaby has always been a popular form of home songs, childhood is a fleeting period and soon leaves all of us among the hurrying, care-worn crowd on the street, a part of the great bread-earning portion of humanity. In that whirlpool of business rush—in that maelstrom of competition, when the soothing words and hands of mother’s touch are no longer about us, it is but natural for the human heart to steal backward to childhood’s years. Out of the confusion of life we look once more upon the calm serenity of our earlier years, when loving hands tucked us into our trundle beds and when the soft words of a lullaby wafted us to the land of dreams.

There is so much of reality in all of this that every reader will find himself going backward again to the old songs, which memory has brought out of childhood’s land like a holy benediction. We never outgrow those early impressions no matter how great the success of later years may bring to us. The songs of a sainted

mother or nurse become a strong asset of our after lives.

It was something of this kind which prompted Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen to write the famous song "Rock Me To Sleep." It was, and is, not only popular in this country, but in all parts of the world.

Mrs. Elizabeth Allen was born in Maine in 1832. Her first husband was Paul Akers, a famous sculptor. After his death she married Mr. E. M. Allen, of New York.

In her earlier years, Mrs. Allen wrote much for the magazines of her time and used the pen name of Florence Percy.

While traveling in Italy—wearied with constant moving from place to place—she became suddenly homesick. The memories of a happy childhood came back to her with overwhelming pathos. She was among strangers in a strange land and a great longing came up in her soul for peace, quiet, and content, such as she had felt in her early years. Under the spell of these emotions, away from home and friends, among strangers in a strange land, Mrs. Allen wrote the now famous song--

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

"Backward, turn backward, Oh time in
your flight

Make me a child just again for tonight
Mother come back from the echoless shore
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smoothe the few silver threads out of my
hair,

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, lighted with
gold,

Fall on your shoulders again as of old.
Let it drop over my forehead tonight
Shading my faint eyes away from the light
For, with its sunny edged shadows once
more

Haply will throng the sweet visions of
yore

Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to
sleep."

For a long time after it was written
there was a contest over the authorship
of "Rock Me To Sleep." It developed into
something like the dispute over "All Quiet
Along the Potomac To-Night." But after

sifting all the claims it was finally settled beyond question that Mrs. Allen wrote the song.

While still abroad she sent the manuscript to an American publication and was paid the munificent sum of five dollars. This is but another instance of how little value may at first be given a literary production. In many cases time alone can fix the true value.

The music for this famous old song was written and arranged by Earnest Leslie and it now appears in nearly all anthologies of famous songs.

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

Samuel Woodworth

Though the author was not a Southerner, his one popular song, "The Old Oaken Bucket" has become such a general favorite among Southern people that the poem may be properly placed among our favorite songs.

The great bulk of the Southern population belonged originally to the urban class, people brought up on farms and plantations and the majority still belongs there. For this reason a song or a poem which deals with country life and country customs appeals to our people. They know what country customs were a generation or two ago, and even now those who have gone to the cities and become involved in the city ways know all about the habits down on the old, old farm.

Here we find a reason for the popularity of "The Old Oaken Bucket", for in our early days on the old plantation the well and oaken bucket made up the one way of securing water. And in that healthy country life we then followed, how thirsty would one become and what a joy it was

to drink from the moss covered bucket that hung in the well. No cooled champagne, or concocted artificial drink ever equalled the almost ice cold water we drank from the old oaken bucket, and hence its memory and the song commemorating it are fixed firmly in our minds.

Samuel Woodworth, the writer of the famous song was a kind of drifter all his life, though he was exceedingly busy as an author. And yet from all he wrote, comprising a number of volumes, he is known only today by the six verses making up this simple song. What a wonderful example of how a single piece of writing often fixes a writer's place in the pages of history.

Woodworth was born in Scituate, Mass., January 13th' 1785. He was a poor boy and served as a printer's apprentice in Boston under Benjamin Russel, who published *The Columbian Sentinel*, but he soon went to New Haven and started a paper of his own, "*The Belles-Letter Repository*," which had a short career. In 1812 he went to New York and started a weekly paper called *The War*, also a monthly, "*The Halcyon*," and later "*The Ladies Literary Gazette*." Perhaps the height

of his literary activities was reached when in partnership with Geo. P. Morris he established the famous New York Mirror in 1823. From this Woodworth withdrew after a year and for a while edited "The Parthenon." He died December 9, 1842.

When we sum up the result of his literary work we find that Samuel Woodworth was a busy writer. Briefly stated, his literary work consists of: *Beasts at Law*, a poem, 1811; *Quarter-Day*, a poem, 1812; *Champions of Freedom*, a history of the war of 1812—published in two volumes in 1816; collected poems, 1818; melodies, duets, trios, songs and ballads, 1830, and several extra editions.

"The Poetical Works of Samuel Woodworth," came out some years after his death, edited by his son and for which a memoir was written by Geo. P. Morris.

Following are the words of "The Old Oaken Bucket," as originally written, and upon which the fame of Samuel Woodworth will rest for all time:

How dear to this heart are the scenes of
my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to
view!

SONGS OF MEMORY

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it;

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel, I hailed as a treasure;

For often at noon, when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!

OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!

Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.

And now, far removed from the loved habitation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

"AULD LANG SYNE"

Since Robert Burns first wrote the famous "Auld Lang Syne" that song has been sung at more social gatherings and knitted closer together more intimate friendships than any other melody in all the world.

It has been sung by the sober and by the intoxicated of all nations, old pledges of good fellowship have been renewed and new faiths in comradeship cemented. It has been the outburst of faithfulness; it has been a pretence of melody from the lips of those who thought they could, but could not sing—and yet through all of its use, the old melody of sweetness has run like a golden thread.

Like so many songs which have come to stay and which never grow old as the years pass by, this banquet song of the world makes no claim to literary merit. It is simply a repetition of sentimental lines, whose lack of real merit is made up from another source.

This old song has gone through many changes as the years pass by. For instance, two copies are here presented

from different sources, the first from Graham's "Songs of Scotland" and the latter from, "The Household Book of Poetry":

"Eighteenth Century Edition"

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon?
Let's hae a waught o'Malaga,
For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
Let's hae a waught o'Malaga,
For auld lang syne.

"Nineteenth Century Edition"

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of o'lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o'kindness yet
For auld lang syne."

When Mr. Henry Stevens bought, in London, the original manuscript of the Burns poem and brought it to this country, he wrote to a friend, Mr. J. L. Pruyn, in Albany, New York, a letter from which this extract is made:

“My Dear Sir: Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious Fragment! So wrote Burns on the 17 of December, 1788, to his friend Mrs. Dunlop, whom he would feign make believe that “Auld Lang Syne” came a smither han’. It is now acknowledged to have been based “on an old song”, but it received its fire from Burns.

“The annexed fragment containing “Auld Lang Syne” is part of a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, and is beyond all question in the autograph of Burns. I have placed it beside a characteristic letter of the poet, dated February, 1788, bearing his signature, and addressed to Dr. Richmond.

“The autograph of “Auld Lang Syne” was for many years in the possession of my late friend William Pickering, the publisher, and after his death it fell under Sotheby’s hammer in 1855 to me, at a price which I dare not name, but which would have gladdened the hearts of the poet and his poor Jean, had they in time reaped the benefit. “For America” were the only words of the auctioneer that accompanied the fall of the hammer, and as I pocketed the precious relic, “For America” was many times repeated by the poets and

AULD LANG SYNE

scholars present, who had assembled to witness the sale, with a tone of reluctance at the idea of its leaving the country, that told more of the value of the relic than the gold I paid for it."

As stated before, the famous old melody has undergone many changes, as to the wording, but nothing has been lost of its sweetness and its pledges of unfailing friendship. The popular version, now used in the song books is as follows:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne?

We two ha'e run a-boot the braes
And pu'd the gowans fine
But we've wander'd many a weary foot
Since auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e sported i' the burn
Frae mor'in sun till dine
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Since days of auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend
And gie a hand o' thine.

SONGS OF MEMORY

We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

It is perhaps safe to say that no one song in the English language has been more popular than Auld Lang Syne. For scores of years it has been the popular song at the closing of banquets and other meetings. The sentiment touches the human soul and draws men closer together. Some one has aptly said that it has done more to bring closer together the brotherhood of men than any other song ever written. And the statement is evidently true.

"THE GRAPEVINE SWING"

Samuel Minturn Peck

Immortalized by a single poem is the good fortune which came to Samuel Minturn Peck when he wrote "The Grapevine Swing" which appeared in his second book of poems, "Rings and Love-Knots," published in 1892. In a letter to the writer Dr. Peck says: "This is the one poem that will save me from oblivion. If I am remembered a hundred years from now it will be because of "The Grapevine Swing."

Dr. Samuel Minturn Peck has always been so modest and kept himself so much in the background that few people of the thousands who love his famous poem know anything about its author. He comes of a distinguished Alabama family although his mother and father were both of Northern birth—his father a native of New York and his mother of Connecticut. For many years his father was chief justice of Alabama, and the subject of this sketch was born in Tuscaloosa in that state in 1854. He was educated for a doctor and took his degree, but the call of literature was too

strong so he turned into the gentler profession of writing verse and stories and giving special attention to music.

Fortunately for Dr. Peck he was possessed of a comfortable fortune and his literary work is therefore of the leisurely and inspired kind rather than of the type of the hack writer. During the past decade or more he has spent much of his time abroad, but usually he spends his winters in New York, and visits the old plantation at Tuscaloosa once or twice a year. "I am only an old bachelor" he writes, "who has lost every one very near to him in point of blood. After my parents died I tried to live at the old home, but it was a failure, my health could not stand it, so some 20 years ago I gave up trying to. I never know six months ahead where I shall be."

Regarding his dislike for the medical profession and his drift into literature, Dr. Peck says, "My parents intended me for the medical profession, but an early taste for music and literature defeated their designs. I realized my distaste for medicine, as a profession, and went astray after my early loves, drifting, as it were, into songs, without design, just as a man falls

into love without meaning to do so. I had some success and won my way into The Century Magazine by pieces like, 'I Wonder What Maud Will Say,' 'A Kiss in the Rain,' etc."

The complete bibliography of Dr. Peck's books follow: "Cap and Bells," 1886; "Rings and Love-Knots," 1892; "Rhymes and Roses," 1895; "The Gold Girl," 1899; "Fair Woman of Today," 1901; "Alabama Sketches," 1902; "Maybloom and Myrtle," 1910.

But when we cull from all that Dr. Peck has written and read that one matchless song, "The Grapevine Swing," we can almost envy the honor which has come to this typical son of the old South. And while every one knows its words, its lilt, its very music of the old plantation home, I quote from it, with the author's permission:

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and
corn,

SONGS OF MEMORY

To the long slim loop I'd spring
With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out of its few verses Dr. Peck has build-
ed his monument. This one song makes
him immortal. It has touched millions of
hearts and will live as long as our poetry
and our music shall last. Upon its popu-
larity the author's fame will rest secure.

What man or woman, amid the clamor
and noise of city life, has not awakened
in an idle hour and gone back, in reverie,
to the blessed days of childhood life. It
was there we sent forth our ships of hope,
which are still upon the seas, and never a
day passes but somehow the weary eyes
look out across the main, hoping for their
return. It was there we built our castles
and planned our conquests, never think-
ing that victory would be so long delayed.
In such an hour of reverie the words, the
music and the sentiment expressed in "The

THE GRAPEVINE SWING

Grapevine Swing" come back to us with double force. It is then we are children again, sailing ships upon the unknown seas, building castles with gold-tipped minarets and dreaming dreams, which alas! can never come true.

"THE RAIN SONG"

Robert Loveman

The South has always been criticised, and justly so, for neglect of her literary workers. In the North, and especially in New England, literary effort has been praised and honored and this, in a measure, accounts for the standing of that section in the world's estimate of American literature. Our Northern neighbors have been quick to recognize and honor every son or daughter who has written anything of merit and this has not only acted as encouragement to those who write, but has placed that section far in the lead as a literary center.

In this connection I have in mind the splendid literary work done during the past 20 years by Robert Loveman of Dalton, Ga. Up to his death, Loveman had published five books of exquisite verse, any one of which would have given him fame, had he lived in book-loving Boston. But down in Georgia, Loveman has gone forward making beautiful books, because he had a beautiful soul. Yet few people knew

him and the great forgetful public has paid little attention to the work he has done.

Like so many others, Loveman wrote one poem which stands out among all others as a masterpiece and which will leave his name upon the scroll of fame long after he has passed away. Young as he was when he passed away in 1923, yet I feel that his reputation for all time will live upon his "Rain Song"—brief but beautiful and so much like its author, to all who had the pleasure of knowing him.

This poem came to Loveman in an hour of intense inspiration. The white April rain was falling, the blue sky obscured by murky clouds, and the low peaked mountains about his Dalton home were obscured by mist and fog. There was no sunshine, no brightness and the struggling vegetation and early flowers in his garden were drooping in a mass of gloom. Through all of this dismal outlook, which dampens the ardor of springtime, his poet soul looked forth and he saw beyond it the bright day ahead, and his "Rain Song" was the result. From the point of brevity and yet fullness the poem is a model, the exquisite lines running thus:

RAIN SONG

"It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town.
It isn't raining rain to me
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

There it is like an emerald—a few brief lines, putting before the reader a picture of nameless beauty. Through it runs a golden thread of faith—faith which looks beyond the rain of today and sees the April sunshine of tomorrow. It is rich in optimism, rich in delicate touches of beauty, and through its lines one can see the yellow glory of daffodils and smell the sweet fragrance of the lilac blooms. Back in old England, in the glory days of Keats

and Moore and Shelley, there is nothing more exquisite than this—Loveman's "Rain Song." It glows with all that is best in poetic imagery and will forever remain a literary legacy for its modest author. The poem has been set to music and has been sung in thousands of homes, becoming even more popular as the sentiment of its beautiful philosophy is better understood.

Since his death, the good people of his home town have started a monument to his memory in the way of a Loveman Library. This is to contain, not only all of his own books, but all of his manuscript and relics of his home. Authors who knew and loved him are also contributing autographed copies of their own books—which will make the Loveman Library in Dalton, Ga., a most interesting shrine for many years to come. Efforts are now being made to bring out a complete edition of his poems, which it is hoped will meet with success. In the meantime, Loveman's "Rain Song" will be sung by music lovers everywhere and keep his memory green.

Robert Loveman's first book of poems appeared in 1900, "Book of Verse." Since that time these other volumes have fol-

lowed: "Gates of Silence," 1902; "Songs from a Georgia Garden," 1904; "The Blushful South," 1909, and "On the Way to Willowdale," 1923. As a mark of the high esteem in which his poems are held his work has found place in such well known magazines as Harpers Monthly, The Atlantic, The Critic and others.

For 20 odd years Loveman devoted his time to literary work. He allowed nothing to disturb his labor, and he wrote a great deal which has not yet been published. His life was devoted to literature because he loved it. Nothing was forced. He wrote when the inspiration came and in no other way. Unless the spirit moved to effort no effort was put forth. He followed the theory of the true poet, that poetry worth while can only be written under the spell of inspiration.

"EVER OF THEE"

A song which was quite popular many years ago, and about the authorship of which there is much doubt, bears the title, "Ever of Thee", and was published in London in 1859. There is quite a romantic story in connection with the song—that the original copy was left by a tramp with a music publisher, who never returned. It is claimed that the words were written by George Linley and the music by Foley Hall, and yet as to these claims there is much dispute.

For a time after its publication "Ever of Thee" was a most popular song, and had a long run in music halls and by theatrical people. The first stanza follows:

"Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer
Thou wast the star that mildly beaming,
Shone o'er my path when all was drear.
Still in my breast thy form I cherish
Each Kindly thought reverts to thee;
At never till life and memory perish
Can I forget how dear thou art to me;
Morn, noon and night wherever I be,
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee."

Famous Hymns

“Rock of Ages”

“Nearer My God to Thee”

“Lead Kindly Light”

“Home, Sweet Home”

"ROCK OF AGES"

Edward H. Rice

Our musical literature is rich in songs whose tendency is to uplift the soul to a better life. It is equally rich in songs of comfort for those who are trying to overcome temptation and difficulties on the highway of clean living. Of the latter kind I doubt if any single song has had a more wholesome influence than "Rock of Ages," which has been a favorite through such a long period of years.

Of this particular song the famous and beloved Henry Ward Beecher has this to say:

"Such hymns are never forgotten. They cling to us through our whole life. We carry them with us upon our journey. We sing them in the forest. The workman follows the plough with the sacred songs. Children catch them, and singing only for the joy it gives them now, are yet laying up for all their life food of the sweetest joy."

"Rock of Ages" has been popular with all classes and kinds of people. It is sung in the lowly country church, as well as in

the rich edifice of the city, and to all classes it carries the same comforting message. Somehow there is an undertow of comfort and a feeling of serenity about every line which gives of its real value. It has a message of peace which is felt alike by the rich and the poor. It is quite probable that of all our old favorites, this classic of religious calm enthusiasm by Edward H. Rice, will out-live all others.

While the original poem is quite long, we quote only a few of the more popular verses, those which usually appear in the song and hymn books of the present day.

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”

Thoughtlessly the maiden sung.
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune,—
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Let me hide myself in Thee:”

Felt her soul no need to hide,—
Sweet the song as song could be,

ROCK OF AGES

And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer,—
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be,—
“Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“NEARER MY GOD TO THEE”

Sarah Flower Adams

THE spirit of worship is inherent in every human soul. It is perhaps this spirit which marks our kinship to divinity. It is certainly our strongest proof that there is something in us that is immortal. Through all the ages of darkness and human ignorance, this spark within has made itself manifest. Among the wildest tribes of the savage, living farthest away from civilization the inspiration to worship has been found. Civilization only develops that spark of the divine within us and trains us to exercise it in a better direction.

This same spirit makes us conscious of our own weakness and it cries out aloud to some great being, whoever, or whatever that be, for help and direction. Left alone, the human soul realizes its individual helplessness. There must be a divinity to whom we can call for aid.

Few hymns have exercised a more widespread influence for good than “Nearer, My God, To Thee.” It was written in 1840 and since it has been sung in all parts

of the world, by all classes of people and has exerted a feeling of uplift not equalled by any other. Our mothers sang it to us in the days of childhood, we heard it in our early years of development and there is hardly a reader of these lines whose life has not been influenced for good by this wonderful song.

The author, Sarah Flower Adams, was a well-known English writer during the early half of the last century. Her work was popular, especially her hymns, of which she was the author of many. She was born at Great Harlow, Essex, England, on February 22, 1805, and died in August 1848, aged only 43 years. But during that time she accomplished enough to make her name well-known all over England, and later all over the world, by her one popular hymn. She married William Bridges Adams, who was a noted inventor. She wrote "Bivia Perpetua," a drama, which was published in London in 1841 and was widely read. Many of her poems were set to music and became popular during her lifetime and later on.

Yet out of all Mrs. Adams wrote, and much of it was very beautiful, only one thing lived—her famous hymn, "Nearer,

My God, to Thee." It carried through every line the spirit of intense devotion, a feeling that gripped and made sincere the prayer, which the hymn itself is. People have sung it who have been in the depths of grief and somehow felt the soothing hand of cheer and hope laid upon them. It has turned many a wandering prodigal from the husks of sin to the road-way of right living.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer, the sun gone
down
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone—
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear, steps unto
heaven
All that thou sendest me, in mercy given
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE

Or if on joyful wing, cleaving the sky
Sun, moon and stars forgot, upward I fly
 Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

"LEAD KINDLY LIGHT"

Dr. Henry Newman

For many years the popular hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," has been known as the hymn of faith. The author has woven into it an implicit belief—a creed that stands for all that is orthodox, and it always carries into the soul of the singer a sympathetic feeling of content. It has been sung by millions of devout worshipers in thousands of churches, yet today one never hears the sweet old song lifted in a unison of voices but the spirit of worship, of faith and better living creeps into and keeps a place in the soul. It is the acme of spiritual symphony—the one song among all our hymns which has both a soothing and uplifting effect.

I have heard it sung in the outburst of some religious gathering and as a kind of vesper hymn at the twilight hour; then, too, at the funeral service of someone whose journey was ended, and in each occasion it seemed appropriate. But most of all at the latter: it seemed best fitted to utter the feeling of the one asleep, and who, going out into the Great Beyond, needed the faith which this old song could not help lifting into the heart.

The author, John Henry Newman, was born in London, February 21, 1801. He had a brilliant career as a student at Oxford, taking his degree in 1820, and was elected a fellow at Oriel in 1822, being ordained as a minister in 1824.

His early religious tendencies were evangelical, but he became a supporter of the High Church party and was appointed incumbent of St. Mary's. He preached a series of sermons so powerful in logical directness that they exercised a widespread influence upon the student body.

In 1845 he entered the Roman Catholic Church and established a branch of the Order of St. Philip Neri, his great energy stirring him to many activities, so that he rose rapidly from one high position to another. In 1879, less than thirty years after he joined the Catholic Church, he was invited to Rome to receive the cardinal's hat.

Cardinal Newman died August 11, 1890, after a life of most strenuous and fruitful service. He was an active writer and contributed constantly to the publications of his time. His books include "Callesta,"

"Apologia Pro Vita Sua" and "Dream of Gerantius" and "A History of Arianism."

Few of these books are ever read at the present time. Few people know anything about them, but his immortal song, "Lead Kindly Light," is known and loved and sung by millions every year.

It is stated that the hymn was written in a spell of depression when faith was at a low ebb and doubt clouded the horizon of his vision. A feeling of doubt and helplessness seemed to hold his very soul, from which there seemed no escape. It was only when he had reached the very depths of helplessness that he wrote the lines of the poem, which seemed at once to give him new faith. The music of the song was written by J. B. Dykes.

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling
gloom

Lead thou me on;

The night is dark and I am far from home;

Lead thou me on;

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene, one step enough for me.

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

I love to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will; remember not past
years.

"So long thy power hast blest me, sure it
still

Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent
till

The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost a
while."

"Lead, Kindly Light" has served its mission well. With one or two exceptions it is today the most popular hymn in the world. It is sung everywhere and loved for its firm creed of uplifting sentiment, which grows from year to year.

"HOME SWEET HOME"

*John Howard Payne**

It is a rather remarkable fact that the man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," never had a home of his own, during his last forty years.

John Howard Payne was somewhat of a wanderer all of his life, without any settled place which he might call home. The events in his career are few and of no great interest. He was born in New York city in 1792, and was educated at Union College, which afterward erected an elaborate gateway to his memory. For thirty years after leaving college he was dramatic author and actor, both in New York and Europe, especially in London. In 1841 he was appointed American consul to Tunis, Africa, where he died in 1852, after a service of eleven years.

While the life of John Howard Payne, perhaps, seemed to him a failure, still it was so rich in one gift to the world that his name rests among the immortals in American letters today.

After a silent exile of thirty years the body of John Howard Payne was brought

*While not usually considered a hymn, "Home, Sweet Home" is often used in the American urban churches.

back to this country through the philanthropic efforts of W. W. Corcoran of Washington, D. C. and buried there in Oak Hill cemetery. The occasion became one of world-wide interest, for his song had found a place in the hearts of the people of every land. The body arrived in this country amid impressive ceremonies, and perhaps no American, dead or alive, ever returned to his native shores under such honored circumstances. Now there stands beside his grave a structure of pure white marble, which was built by thousands of voluntary contributions. Its top is surmounted by a life-size bust of the poet, and underneath is lettered this epitaph:

John Howard Payne

Author of "Home, Sweet Home"

Born June 9, 1792—Died April 9, 1852.

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled

To realms above the dome,

With outstretched arms, God angels said,

Welcome to Heaven's home, sweet home.

John Howard Payne's books are hardly known today, but his one song is sung around the world. Its composition was another evidence of how great poems come

to the world through inspiration. It is said that when he wrote the song, a part of the play "Clari," he was sorely discouraged, lonely and poor. He felt every line. In his soul was a longing for the one thing he did not have—a home. The moment was an inspired one and out of his own poverty, loneliness and misfortune came the song which has soothed the souls of millions all over the world.

The song went through several changes and adaptations, but the form given below is the original as sung by Miss M. Free in Payne's operatic play, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," in 1823.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
 roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us
 there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met
 elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

HOME, SWEET HOME

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in
vain;

O, give me my lowly thatched cottage
again!

The birds singing gayly, that came at my
call—

Give me them, and the peace of mind,
dearer than all!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!

There's no place like home!

Home and the sentiment expressed about it in Payne's immortal song will always stand out as the most sacred thing to the human soul. When the shadows of night fall upon the earth men instinctively turn their weary footsteps to the one place called home, be that a cottage or a palace.

Perhaps the unfortunate who has once had a home and lost it is the one, above all others, who esteems its sacredness with keenest yearning. Nothing else in life can take its place. Even a palace splendor cannot satisfy the soul's longing for its own fireside. The world has nothing to offer which can ever approach or take its place. The man who wrote "Home, Sweet

Home" was one of the homeless unfortunates, and doubtless his very misfortune is what gave the world its truest and sweetest song.

John Howard Payne spent some time in Athens, Georgia, at the time the general government was making an effort to remove the Cherokees from that State to lands beyond the Mississippi. He went there to study their customs, language and costumes, and to ascertain their sentiments in regard to the proposed expatriation. To accomplish his purpose he carried letters to some of the prominent citizens of Athens, among others to General Edward Harden, who was a distinguished student of Indian affairs, and through whose influence Payne obtained an interview with John Ross, the most noted of all the Cherokee chiefs, by whom he was invited to sojourn among the Cherokees.

The poet accepted the invitation of this noble red man, and would doubtless have given the public the benefit of his observation, but Curry, the Indian agent, in a blundering moment mistook the object of his visit as boding no good, and ordered his arrest. General Harden was instrumental in securing his immediate release,

but Payne was so incensed that he wrote to General Harden: "Georgia I will never enter again without a formal public invitation." There was, however, a powerful inducement for him to break this hasty resolution. General Harden had a beautiful daughter, Mary, with whom Payne had, it is said, fallen deeply in love, and he soon found himself again in Athens, lounging on the great Corinthian-columned verandas of its different mansions and beneath its odorous magnolia groves. The romance, however, did not result in marriage, and after a season, Payne disappeared never to return to Georgia again.

Between Miss Harden and Payne there doubtless passed a number of letters, says Dr. Lanier Knight. But one in particular deserves our attention. In a wild flutter of hope, he wrote to her, on July 18, 1836, telling her that he could offer her naught save his hand and heart and entreating her to smile upon his suit. What her answer to this proposal of marriage was, no one knows. She was always silent upon the subject; but the fact remains that they were never married, though each remained loyal till death. Perhaps the old General himself barred the way. He

knew that Payne was a rolling stone; and while he admired the poet's genius he may have doubted his ability to support a helpmeet.

In after years, Payne was sent with a consular appointment to Morocco, by the United States government, continues Dr. Knight. On the eve of his departure, Miss Harden requested of him an autographed copy of his renowned song, a boon which he promptly granted. In some mysterious manner, this copy disappeared at the time of Miss Harden's death, giving rise to the not unnatural presumption that it was buried with her; but her niece, Miss Mary Jackson, to whom the old Harden home in Athens was willed and who assisted in preparing the body of her beloved aunt for burial states that, for this supposition, there is no ground whatever. It is not unlikely that Miss Harden herself, when warned of approaching death, destroyed with her own hands what was never meant for the eyes of the idly curious.

Love Songs

“Annie Laurie”

“Ben Bolt”

“Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night”

“ANNIE LAURIE”

William Douglas

Song writing and romance has always gone hand in hand together. Back of all great love songs is some individual who has served as the inspiration. That individual may have had nothing to do with the song-making, and yet, became its direct cause. A great love stirs some heart, in the back-ground hides a beautiful face, or charming personality, and out of these come the melody which stirs a world of music lovers.

“Annie Laurie” is one of the old favorites—a song which has lived and grown in popularity for generations back. It is a song which never grows old. The mother sang it as a lullaby to her baby girl. In after years the grown up young lady sings it to her lover and later to her own children. Its popularity never wanes and this is the surest sign of a song’s fixed place in the world of music.

The words were written by William Douglas, of Scotland and the music by Lady John Scott. The original “Annie Laurie” was not a fanciful vision of a dream poet,

but was the daughter of Robert Laurie, Baronet of Maxurlton. Perhaps on account of her position in life, the father did not look with favor upon the love of William Douglas for his daughter, and she being of an obedient turn of mind, would not marry against her father's wishes. Some have said she was of a flirtatious turn of mind and cast her first lover over in a moment of jealous fervor.

William Douglas could love with all the fervor of his race, but a refusal of his suit did not break his heart. Therefore, when the obedient, or fickle Annie turned him down he went forth in search of another, and soon found her, but not until after he had written the song which immortalized both himself and his first sweetheart.

"He did not lay him down and die," says a writer. He did not even pine away in the sorrows of celebracy. Instead, he made a runaway marriage with one Betty Clerk of Glenboig, in Galloway, who bore him four sons and two daughters. His poetic fire must have cooled down, for we have no lyric descriptive of the swan-like neck and other features of Betty Clerk. Possibly Betty could not compete in beauty with

her rival; possibly the braes of Glenboig were not so "bonnie" as the braes of Maxwellton.

The original song for which the music was written by Lady Scott follows:

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie

Where early falls the dew
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true

Her brow is like the snow drift
Her throat is like the swan
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.

Like dew on th' Gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet
Like winds in the summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet.
And she's all the world to me
And but for Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee."

Alexander Farguson, husband of Annie Laurie was one of the country gentlemen who showed devoted allegiance to King William against the Stuarts and represented the Dumfries burghs in Parlia-

ment from 1715 to 1722. He and his wife lived happily together, having two sons and two daughters. The wife survived her husband many years, says a writer. She had been the lady bountiful of Nithsdale, and in her later years was a notable gossip and match-maker. It was under her direction that the present mansion house of Craigdarroch was built, and a relic of her taste is at the back. One of the winding paths still bears her name. The portrait of her hangs in the dining-room at Maxwellton.

An eminent Scotch author, writing about the famous Maxwellton House says:

"Maxwelton House, the home of Annie Laurie, enjoys any notoriety which it may possess not from its antiquity, for there are many older houses even in this part of Scotland; not from any particularity of structure; not from any part it has played in history, but solely from its association with the name of Annie Laurie. And that lady owes her fame not to any accident of birth, or to anything remarkable in her character or career, but simply to the song composed by the man she threw over, and more particularly to the air to which in later days that song has been sung."

The modern version of the song is bound up with the familiar tune. Douglas' original lines were long known among the common people in the south of Scotland, but there was no fitting tune for them; and, strange to say, they made no appearance in print until Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe included them in his privately printed "Ballad Book of Songs" in 1824. Up to that time they had been sung to a tune long since discarded. In 1824, Allan Cunningham transcribed the verses, with trifling alterations, for his "Songs of Scotland," and it was from finding them there that Lady John Scott had the idea of recasting them.

"BEN BOLT"

Thomas Dunn English

More than three generations have lived and loved the world-famous song of Dr. Thomas Dunn English, beginning with the touching lines:

"Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown."

Few know the incidents connected with its composition and which helped to make it famous.

Dr. English was born in 1819 and spent most of his life as a practicing physician in New Jersey, surviving until April, 1902. The poem upon which his fame rests was written for N. P. Willis in 1843 and first published in the New York Mirror in that year.

It was set to music by a strolling player, H. B. Kneass, the air being one used in an old German song. It quickly became a favorite and was sung in all parts of the world, but from the song Dr. English never received one cent of compensation.

When Du Maurier's "Trilby" became a stage favorite "Ben Bolt" took a spurt for-

ward and the popularity of the play carried the song into new channels of popular favor. It will be recalled, as Du Maurier describes a scene in the play, that "Gecko cuddling lovingly his violin and closing his upturned eyes, played that simple melody as it probably never had been played before—such passion, such pathos, such a tone—and they turned it and twisted it, and went from one key to another, playing into each other's hands, Svengali taking the lead; and fugued and canoned and counterpointed and battle-doored and shuttle cocked it, high and low, soft and loud, in minor, in pizzicato and in sordina—adiago, andante, allegretto, scherzo—and exhausted all its possibilities of beauty, till their susceptible audience of three was all but crazed with delight and wonder, and the masterful Ben Bolt and his over-tender Alice and his too submissive friend and his old school-master so kind and so true and his long dead school-mates and the rustic porch and the mill and the slab of granite so gray, were all magnified into a strange, almost holy poetic dignity and splendor quite undreamed of by whoever wrote the words and music of that little song."

While "Trilby" was being played, Dr. English was flooded with requests for autographs from all kinds of people. One woman asked for a lock of his hair, but he wrote her he had just been to the barber and she would have to wait until he grew a new crop. Another woman wanted to know if the original Alice was as beautiful as described, but as there was no original Alice, the question remained unanswered.

The original poem contains five verses of eight lines each, and aside from the pathetic strain which runs through all the lines, there is no special literary merit. In spite of this, however, there is a charm about the words—a something which touches the soul—enough, at least, to make the song immortal. The first and last two verses are herewith quoted:

"Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben
Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;
Who wept with delight when you gave her
a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valey, Ben
Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,

LOVE SONGS

They have fitted a slap of granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

And don't you remember the school, Ben
Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim,
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben
Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And all of the boys that were schoolmates
then,
There are only you and I.

There is a change in the things I loved,
Ben Bolt;
They have changed from the old to the
new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the
truth,
That never was change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben
Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship
a truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.”

Few people, perhaps, know that during the latter part of his life, Dr. English became interested in politics, being elected a member of Congress from Essex, N. J., district. Because of the popularity of his song he received marked attention in Washington, many of the members telling him that when they were children their mothers had sung it to them. He used to tell the story that soon after "Ben Bolt" became a song, a ship, a steamboat and a race horse were named after it, adding: "The ship was wrecked, the steamboat blew up and the race horse never won a race."

“CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT”

Rosa Tartwick Thorpe

An Old Favorite

Perhaps one of the most popular poems in the English language—one which has been memorized and recited in almost every English-Speaking school house—is “Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night.”

It was written by Rosa Hartwick Thorpe and there was a time when almost every boy and girl in our country districts could recite the poem from memory.

The poem is founded on an old legend and has always been popular on account of its touching incident. It has been translated into a number of foreign languages, which has added to its popularity. It is but another example where a single poem made the author's name famous the world over. Few poems have ever been written which has been so widely read and committed to memory. Only the first and last two verses are quoted:

CURFEW MUST NOT RING

“England’s sun was slowly setting o’er the
hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the
close of one sad day:
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a
man and maiden fair,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a
man and maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weakened, she
with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful,
she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur,
“Curfew must not ring to-night.”

“Sexton,”—Bessie’s white lips faltered,
pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy,—walls
so dark and damp and cold,—
“I’ve a lover in that prison, doomed this
very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no
earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset:” and
her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, “Curfew
must not ring to-night.”

* * * * *

LOVE SONGS

It was o'er;—the bell ceased swaying, and
the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for
hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and
what she this night had done
Should be told in long years after,—as
the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged
sires with heads of white
Tell their children why the curfew did
not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell!
Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows
with sudden beauty now:
At his fee she told her story, showed her
hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard,
with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit
his eyes with misty light—
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell:
"curfew shall not ring tonight."

Miscellaneous

“Opportunity”

“Old Kentucky Home”

“My Life is Like the Summer Rose”

“Mighty Lak A Rose”

“Dancing in the Sun”

“Lanier’s Evening Song”

"OPPORTUNITY"

Judge Walter Malone

WHEN the brilliant Ingalls wrote his famous lines "Opportunity," the poem remained unanswered for many years.

The answer, however, came in 1904, when Judge Walter Malone, of Memphis, gave to the world a poem with the same title, but treating the subject from an entirely different viewpoint. It found a response in hearts all over the world and has become one of the most popular poems written during the past twenty years.

Judge Walter Malone was a most lovable character. I used to meet him on almost every trip I made to Memphis. He was a familiar character about the lobby of the Gayoso or Planters Hotel fifteen years ago. At these meetings he would open his heart to me and tell of his inspiration to write a great epic. For six years he worked on his "De Soto" which was finally published, but I doubt if it added any-

thing to his reputation. His shorter poems were far the most popular and will live long after his great epic has been forgotten. He had ambitions for literary work which I feel sure were never realized. Had his manner of living been different he might have accomplished a great deal more, for he undoubtedly had talent, but genius and concentrated effort rarely ever go together.

We used to dine at the famous old Gayoso and it was during these evenings that I learned most about the man and his work. He was most charming always, either host or guest, having all the elements which make up the ideal poet.

After one of our dinners he confided to me: "I'm not satisfied with what I have written so far, but am planning an epic poem which I hope will measure up, in a way. That rare old Spanish adventurer, DeSoto, will be my subject. His trails and adventures far exceeded those of Ulysses, and why shouldn't his life be woven into a great poetic song? Think of the vast territory he covered, from Tampa to Georgia, then down the vast Mississippi valley—finally to sleep the long

sleep in the river's mysterious waters. There is nothing in our history like it. And think too, of the beautiful bride he left in Havana, his love for her being his constant inspiration. It is wonderful, and I hope to write the story."

At that time Judge Malone had written a large part of the poem, and while we sat at the table he drew from his pocket a short penciled extract he had just written into the epic. A kind of a description around Memphis, before civilization spoiled its beauty. The lines he read were these:

"The red-bud seemed a lilac tinted cloud,
Down-floated to the earth from fields of
dawn;

Next came the dogwood's constellated stars
Of radiant white, and then the locust
branch

Drooped fragrant creamy clusters num-
berless;

A wild haunt where the peerless mockin-
bird

Blithe, airy, thrilled with youth and love
and joy

Tripped, soared, descended, piping, twit-
tering,

Unequaled master of the lyric art
In grace, in compass and dexterity."

This was but a sample of what he believed would be his greatest work. But somehow I do not believe that Walter Malone's reputation will rest upon the one great poem—or at least what he thought would be his masterpiece of his poetic work. To me he seemed best in his shorter poems. He knew his Tennessee—his native section—its beauty in the Spring and Summer and its wonderful Autumn pictures. In one of his shorter poems he paints this picture of late Summer, when the beauty of all things out-doors was giving way to the early Autumn beauty:

“Along the rustic fences, hoary mullins
 lift their heads,
And pompous cornfield Pumpkin, saffron
 blossomed, sprawls and spreads;
The Orange-tinted love vine weaves its
 tangled waxen maze;
The wild peas, phlox and milkweed fringe
 the dusty country ways.
The woodbine sprays are twining in a red
 and yellow wreath;
The heliotrope breathes odors like my
 sweetheart's gentle breath;
Crape myrtles, blushing, flashing, imitate
 her cheeks, aglow,

And dahlias, wan and waxen, simulate her
brows of snow."

"Opportunity" was first printed in Munsey's Magazine in March, 1905 for which the author received the pitiful sum of \$10. The poem, however, brought Judge Malone letters from all parts of the world from people who had been encouraged and helped by its spirit of uplift and encouragement. He once said to me: "Though the pay for the lines were meager, still I feel that the people who have been helped by the poem are so numerous that the compensation overshadows everything else I have written. The poem is reprinted herewith as it first appeared:

"They do me wrong who say I come no
more,
When once I knock and fail to find
you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and
win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again!

OPPORTUNITY

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have
 sped,
 To vanished joys be blind and deaf and
 dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its
 dead,
 But never blind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your
 hands and weep;
 I lend my arm to all who say "I can."
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
 But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
 Dost reel from righteous Retribution's
 blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the
 past,
 And find the future's pages white as
 snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy
 spell;
 Art thou a sinner? Sins may be for-
 given.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee
 from hell,
 Each night a star to guide thy feet to
 heaven."

"OLD KENTUCKY HOME"

Stephen C. Foster

PERHAPS no negro song in American minstrelsy has ever attained the popularity of "Old Kentucky Home." While Stephen C. Foster, its author, became famous for other Southern melodies, this one song of his stands out with an individuality which makes it different in a way, from all others. It breathes in every line a kind of negro philosophy which is easily understood, especially by those who know the negro as he really is. It carries with it a sweep or tender sentiment, which has always placed it among the old familiar songs that will live.

The one particular thing about all of Foster's negro melodies is that the author, who was born and lived his life in the North, should be so capable of interpreting negro sentiment as it really is.

Stephen Collins Foster was born in Pittsburgh, July 4, 1820, and spent most of his life there and in New York city. He took up the study of vocal and instrumental music at an early age and some of his most popular songs were written before he was

twenty. For instance, his "Old Folks at Home" was written in 1850, and had a larger sale than any other American song up to that time. He wrote both the words and music for most of his melodies—these numbering in all about one hundred and twenty, one fourth of which belonged to the negro dialect type.

It is told that while sitting alone in a crowded cafe one night, and very much depressed at the time, a public singer arose and sang something about the blue grass country of old Kentucky. Foster caught his cue from the song. All in a flash the outline of "Old Kentucky Home" came to him and the words were quickly jotted down. Thus, out of a spell of depression, there arose the vision of a beautiful sentiment which was quickly translated into a song of exquisite sweetness.

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky
home;

This summer the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe, and the meadow's in
the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.

Stephens Collins Foster occupies a place to himself among American song writers. "Old Folks at Home," "Suwanee River," "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and many other favorites will live so long as melody has a place in our hearts. The laurel wreath of fame is forever fixed upon his brow and millions of hearts have been softened by the sweetness of his rare music.

Foster somehow understood the negro dialect and the subjects which appealed to the negroes musical intuition. No other song writer in this or any other country ever wrote as many melodies, dealing with negro life, which gained such world-wide popularity. Had his life been spent in the South, among the people about whom he wrote so beautifully, his work as a song writer could not have been a greater success. The work he left will remain as a kind of monument to the unfortunate colored race—whose philosophy and religion he understood so well—and lifted their memory upon a higher plane of thoughtful living.

"MY LIFE IS LIKE A SUMMER ROSE"

Richard Henry Wilde

Among the few notable examples, where a single poem has fixed an authors reputation, for all ages, not one stands out with greater conspicuousness than that of Richard Henry Wilde, the author of "My Life Is Like The Summer Rose."

Richard Henry Wilde was born in Dublin, Ireland, but his parents came to this country when he was only eight years of age, and as most of his life was spent in the South, this section claims the gifted author as her own son.

His boyhood was full of hardships. His father having died soon after coming to America, the mother located in Augusta Georgia where she conducted a small business, with the help of her son.

Through personal effort the boy managed to get an education, studied law and in addition to being a brilliant attorney he held many honored positions in Georgia—and at the early age of twenty-five was sent to the United States Congress.

In 1834 Wilde went to Italy and for many years studied Italian literature. As a result of his residence there his well

known book on the "Love, Madness and Imprisonment of Tasso" was issued in this country, to which he returned to spend the later years of his life.

Richard Henry Wilde belongs to that class of writers known as "many sided". His character shows the strange contrast of poet and practical business. In his political career he was a success, aside of one's life as far removed from poetry as possible. Yet through his nature ran that golden thread of ideality—the thing which makes one a dreamer at times—and back of this was the trained intellect which enabled him to evolve a poetic thought into an ideal poem.

Such characters are rare. The poet as a rule is the most impractical of people. He is a dreamer and shuns the market place. But Richard Henry Wilde combined practical business sense with his ideal view of things and for this reason his name today lingers with us on the scroll of fame.

Once in a mood of discontent there came to him the glory of a single thought. In this manner all great poems are born. The thought comes into the poet's mind and his soul is aroused. The thought is a

dream of beauty. It is an idea, new to him. His whole impulse takes hold of this new thing and every power of the brain is used to paint the picture which stands out so clear. Richard Henry Wilde was sad. All great poems arise from the sacrifice of sorrow. He saw the beauty of life—he saw his own disappointments—the line: “My Life Is Like A Summer Rose” came to him as an inspiration—and out of that one thought and that one line grew the poem which made him famous and which has been read and sung in every part of the world. At one sitting he wrote the lines—the pathos and beauty of which will never die.

“My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose’s humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon’s pale ray:
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,

Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!"

The poem belongs to Georgia and Georgia literature. It is a poem which can never die. It came from the heart and its sentiment touches a popular chord of human interests and human feeling. In all anthologies of the future "The Summer Rose" must have its place. It is not a poem that teaches a lesson of hopefulness, but rather the reverse—yet it is so full of humanity that it has always touched and held the popular heart.

Like all great songs that live, it is the outgrowth of both personal experience and of inspiration. Such poems come to us at

long intervals. Less than a dozen, perhaps, in a generation, or, perhaps, in two generations. In making songs like these all things must meet at the right time and in the right way. Usually we reap the glory of such poems at the sacrifice of the singer. He—it is—who must go through the roadway of experience and must give a part of his own soul in the song he sings. Poe's "Annabelle Lee", Shelly's "Adonais," Randall's "My Maryland," Rosetti's "Blessed Damoselle," Tennyson's "In Memoriam" Timrods "Spring" and Lanier's "Sunrise," are all poems which make the heart bleed in the writing. For the poet's anguish, the reader has little care, yet, when we estimate the cost of these deathless songs in heart blood, we can better appreciate their value and what they mean to the world at large.

But with it all, we are grateful for this one song of intrinsic beauty, which has the melody and odor of our own beloved South.

"MIGHTY LAK A ROSE"

Frank L. Stanton

The atmosphere of Healey's was heavy with the smell of tobacco smoke, the air was unwholesome by the presence of hundreds of Bohemian diners at this late hour, for the clock was close to striking the midnight call. There was a half-suffused silence about the place; the music had stopped for the moment, but throughout this great plebeian banquet hall there was a murmur of suppressed excitement.

The orchestra had just finished playing "Dixie," over which the half-intoxicated audience had gone wild—a number of Westerners leading the van of lusty cheers for ten minutes. In answer to these irrepressible encores, "Swanee River" had been played, "Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" and others. But the crowd was not satisfied. It wanted more and one could see that the patient players were getting ready to do their full duty.

MIGHTY LAK A ROSE

A young man came along the platform from back of the orchestra and was arranging music for a song. All of that vast crowd was expectant. It was spellbound, for the hour was late and the spirits were all at the zenith of attention and appreciation.

When the young man in a clear voice began to sing "Mighty Lak a Rose," there was silence so pronounced that every syllable of his clearly-enunciated words could be heard to the farthest part of the room. The song to many was new, but to others it was an old favorite. Line after line and verse after verse the rich music filled the vast room and held men and women spellbound by its wild, weird enchantment. Those who had heard the song before were charmed and those to whom it was new were doubly charmed. When the last line had been sung the great crowd went wild with applause and enthusiastic appreciation. I have heard much sincere applause from many audiences, but never anything like that which went through this banquet hall of smoke at the midnight hour in honor of the beloved Frank Stanton.

Everybody talked to and congratulated everybody else. "Mighty Lak a Rose" had

made comrades of that vast crowd. It was a song which had touched their hearts and strong men shed tears because of its pathos and weird beauty.

The hand-clapping kept up for ten minutes. It was a night when Bohemians were having their inning in great cosmopolitan New York. The South was making itself felt among that vast audience, though it seemed as if everybody in the hall was keeping up this call for "more."

At last the young man came forward and sang "Just A-Wearying for You." Ah, my friend, I have no words to tell you the effect. The first song had softened the hearts, but this last, tender symphony brought an upheaval of deep feeling and everywhere eyes were wet with tears. It was a scene never to be forgotten, even among an ordinary cafe crowd at midnight. Eyes which had not known tears for years were unable to restrain the upheaval, and as I looked across the vast sea of faces my heart swelled with pride at the effect of these native songs.

"Who wrote that song," said a rough looking fellow at my table.

"That song is by Frank L. Stanton, down in my home town, Atlanta," said I.

"God bless you, man," the fellow said. "Shake hands. I am from Wisconsin, but I have not heard a song that touched me like that in all my life."

And I saw the majority of the audience file out of the great room soon after, and each carried in his or her soul the memory of music which makes men remember, music which they cannot forget, and the words of which will make each man and woman better as the years go by. "Mighty Lak a Rose" and "Just A-Wearying for You" had left their impress upon a great throng and sobered each listener into a better and nobler being.

I shall always remember that smoke-encumbered room—its vast sea of interested faces—and the effect which two obscure songs had upon that great audience at the midnight hour.

"I'm going home," said the big man at my table. I have someone I'm wearying for myself and instead of making a night of it, I shall go to them who love me best."

I saw a tear on the man's face as he bade me good night. It was something one can never forget.

Stanton's poems impress one like the low whisper of lovers in a darkened room,

the minor note-call of a bird to its mate in the gathering summer twilight, the last merry tones in the voices of children before they fall into blissful sleep—these songs of tenderness which murmur like the voice of waves upon the white-sanded shores of the soul. In a way I could liken them to the gentleness of a bride when she fixes all the moral standard of her own future years in the simple words: "I will." The dominating thread which runs through Stanton's poetry is that of pathos, tenderness—a swaying of the soul to the simple things of life. He has lived—and he knows. No poet can sing into the literature of his country the soul-songs of his people unless he sings them out of the abundance of personal experience.

This is the secret out of which has come the immortal glory of the simple melodies of Robert Burns. Frank Stanton knows the spirit of the South, the spirit of our people, our peculiarities, customs, failings, faiths, creeds, aims and aspirations. Through a trained mind and a lifetime of experience he has caught the spirit not only of our people, but of our seasons, birds, flowers and that vaster still-life of Southern landscape and Southern sky. He

knows our old faiths, our inborn traditions and teachings—the things so hard for older generations to surrender.

Likewise the fascinating character of the picturesque negro, both old and the new type—stands out clear in his mind; the negro, with so many differences in his make-up and who will forever be a favorite with novelist and singer, but whose real nature can be described only by those who know him as he is. Poetry based upon this intimate knowledge of the subject, which is the outflowing of personal experience, is the only kind that lives. Such poetry carries with it the spirit of the singer linked with the spirit of the subject sung. That is why two of Stanton's songs set wild a great metropolitan throng of eager listeners, while scores of standard melodies in the earlier part of the evening were received with scant applause. But, after all, that is the poet's real triumph—when he can sing the pathos of his story into another's soul.

has no serious competitor in the field of art. Much of her success in the painting of negro faces was aided by the fact that she had known and studied the ante-bellum negro so closely that she knew their every mood, peculiarity and emotion so well that she put into the picture of each face the very spirit of the negro soul. Others have attempted this facial delineation, but these efforts have been dismal failures beside the superb work of Miss Weeden.

Her artistic portrayal of the negro face came through her sympathetic knowledge of the negro spirit and character. Into these faces she has clearly painted every characteristic of the African soul and spirit. From many of the paintings look forth all the tenderness and motherly anxiety of the old-time mammy, the aristocratic bearing and dignity of the old "marster's" body servant, while in others we see the pathetic look of mystery and uncertainty, which became the sad lot of so many, after freedom robbed them of a master's home and watchful care.

Perhaps no artist ever studied more carefully the field in which she worked. To her art she was absolutely faithful. The

subjects for her brush were always nearby and her work was done in closest touch with her originals.

Miss Howard Weeden left scores of these famous sketches of negro faces, which, if practical, should be bought and preserved in some suitable memorial of her native state. Her work represents a type of character which is almost extinct. A few more years and the "old-time negro" will disappear entirely from the South. In her work, Miss Weeden has left a wealth of character delineation which the South cannot afford to lose. It is priceless. It represents the portrayal of a race which we all loved, but which is fast going out with the setting suns. These pictures should not only be preserved in a suitable and safe memorial by her state, but should be reproduced in book form so as to further enhance their preservation.

But it is about Miss Weeden, the poet, which was the intent of this sketch. The poet and the artist work from different angles. The latter reproduces a face, a landscape, a marine, something which already exists and the artist's ability is shown in the faithfulness of the reproduction. With the poet it is different. There

is no original from which to copy. The poet's work must be the outgrowth of his own mind—it is creative—and therefore the highest of all art—because of necessity—it must be original.

Therefore, when we come to study Miss Weeden's poetry, while it is not marked by any great flights of genius, yet it contains a certain charm of portraiture, which will cause it to live along with her work as an artist. In fact her poetry is so closely allied to her work as a painter and deals so much with the lowly negro life, that the two talents of this gifted woman run very close together.

For instance take these lines from "Eventide," and what a picture of childhood glory it opens to the vision of those who are old enough to understand:

"A child all wearied with its day
Of laughter, tears and play,
Is gathered, 'gainst its will, to rest
At eve on Mammy's breast.
She bends above him, dark and calm,
And tender as a psalm,
She lays a long kiss on his lips,
Till in that soft eclipse
He melts away to sweet release
And sleeps in smiling peace."

Whoever has lived on a Southern plantation has listened to the exquisite melody of negro singing in the late afternoon. None except those who have listened can understand how the old-time negro soul went out in his song. "A Plantation Hymn" therefore, stands out as an idyl of the past and will live so long as Southern literature survives:

"Far down the west still glows the light,
Though elsewhere it is night:
The fields are quiet as the stars,
Save some one at the bars,
Whose full soul quivering to the brim
Flows over in a hymn,
Which sends its strangely, solemn tide
Of hallelujahs wide
Across the fields and up as far
As to the farthest star;
Till all the Southern night in bloom
With song and star-sown gloom—
And fancy hears the advent roll
Through that old negro's soul.

In the old days—in the days of the Howard Weeden characters—the banjo was a vital part of negro life. Looking backward through the years one can yet recall the

moonlight nights at the quarters—and hear the banjo music coming up through the stillness like some mystic Aeolian melody. There was a charm about that stringed instrument which gripped the negro soul—and, somehow, he made wonderful melody without teacher, or training. It is this which makes Miss Weeden's "Banjo Song" so very true to life:

"I plays de banjo better now
Dan him dat taught me, do,
Because he plays for all de worl'
And I just plays for you.

He learns his chunes—I jes' lets down
A banjo string or two
Into the deepest of my heart,
An' draws up chunes for you!

Slowly day comes a-swing up
A-quivering through and through
Till wid a rush of tingling notes
Dey reaches light—and you!

Along with this inherent love of music—which gave to the negro character a special charm, Miss Weeden thoroughly understood that other characteristic, the love

of idleness, a care-free disposition which possessed the souls of these particular people. In her last book, "Songs of the Old South," she has drawn a picture, illustrating this phase of negro life, which is so true in every detail that it will live as a classic. It is called "Dancing in the Sun."

"A small brown, ragged, shadowy boy
A silhouette of fun,
And a shadow as ragged and slim as himself
A-dancing in the sun:

It is hard to tell the shadows apart
So into each other they run,
As dark and elusive they melt and they whirl,
And mix—as they dance in the sun.

No matter what falls to the rest of the world,
No matter what's done, or undone—
So the day be idle and long enough
For dancing in the sun.

Miss Weeden's love for the South—the old South of her girlhood's first impressions—was so tense that it permeates all

the beautiful work she did with brush and pen. While this stamps her accomplishment as more or less local, it nevertheless weaves about her poems and her pictures an added charm to the people of her section and to the entire country. Like the beloved Joel Chandler Harris, who was sponsor for her "Bandana Ballads" and who wrote for it a beautiful introduction, she created a work so distinctly Southern that it must forever remain a precious legacy in our literary history. Just one other quotation will illustrate her vision of the section she loved so well, which bears the title, "Way Down South."

"An azure sky—a warm brown face—
Soft black eyes and a dazzling mouth—
A red bandana touched with gold
And this is the color—'Way down South.

A bird that plays on a mocking flute—
A melting drawl from a smiling mouth—
A tinkling banjo hid in the shade—
And this is the music, 'Way down South."

This sketch of Miss Howard Weeden has been written more in the spirit of an appreciation of her work than as a biogra-

phy. Her entire life passed so quietly and so simply in the delightful old Huntsville home that few things happened to mark an epoc in its even flow. Once when asked for her history she replied: "Happy women have no histories—hence, I have none." That expression illustrates the quiet existence which she followed up to the time of her death in April, 1906. Always delicate, exquisite, dainty, she followed the even tenor of her way, absorbed in the artistic work which gripped and held firm her whole attention. During the the years of her artistic work she set a pace in painting negro faces, which all others must follow who attempt to work along this line. She caught the peaceful poise of the ante-bellum negro, just as he is (or was); she knew his look of content, of trouble, of mystery and portrayed every feature of that peculiar face with wonderful dexterity and faithfulness. She put into it the very spirit which illumined his soul.

Naturally she lived much in the past as both her pictures and her poems bear testimony. One of the last things she wrote, lines not appearing in any of her books, was this retrospect of the "long-ago":

"Here's hope for nobler things,
If such the future brings;
But, O, here's love for everything
That long ago took wing.

That was the spirit of Howard Weeden and her work—a glorious heritage growing out of her love of the past and its wonderful traditions.

She has gone—like a rose of yesterday—but the influence of her work, with brush and pen, will live in the hearts of her people far down the coming years.

She has gone—like a spirit that came with a sweet benediction—yet Time, nor Oblivion can ever destroy the impress she has left upon the literary artistic history of the South and the nation as well.

She looked at the pathetic remnant of a passing race, looked into its very soul and understood its strange emotions, superstitions and mysterious thoughts so well that she was able to leave for us that rich legacy of negro pictures and songs, which made up the life-work of a most active, but quiet career. Blessed be the memory of one who worked so faithfully and who lived so close to the traditions of her people.

*SIDNEY LANIER AND HIS
"SONGS OF THE MARSHES"*

"All day my soul hath been cutting swiftly into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody. The very inner spirit and essence of all songs hath blown upon me in quick gusts, like the breath of passion, and sailed me into sea of vast dreams, whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody."

It is poor consolation for a struggling genius to trudge through a lifetime, singing his songs from the by-ways, with no one to listen. The shout from the multitude, when long since dead, and the glitter of his marble monument in the afternoon sun, cure none of his heartaches, nor will these buy bread for his hungry children. Greatness and genius must be measured by an exacting rule, ere the Goddess of Reward can place the crown upon the head where it justly belongs.

Of these truths we have no fitter example than that exhibited in the life of Sidney Lanier. His was a life of struggle, with the barest recognition of the glory

and genius that shone about him. The man, like others of his type, must have been conscious of his poetic power. After all, the poet is the best critic of all poetic expression. His inborn instinct, taste and temperament tell him the difference between finished and unfinished verse. It may not be his trained eye that catches a glimpse of the sparks of genius, as they tingle from poetic lines, but his soul responds to these as they appear, or rejects the passages that are uninspired.

Lanier's life, therefore, must have been all the sadder because of his very consciousness of the excellent work he was doing and the tardy recognition he received at the hands of the restless, unsympathetic public. But for his musical talents he would have been practically unknown during his brief career. The playing of his beloved flute was so artistically beautiful that the listening crowd clapped its hands in applause and made him a well known figure in Brooklyn, New York and Baltimore, where his musical talents were most observed and appreciated. He had gone out into the marshlands around Macon, Ga., and listened to the silver note of the swamp robin. Its notes of intense

beauty enthused his very soul. Bringing his flue, master of music that he was, Lanier learned to duplicate the swamp robins song and when he played this strange music to his Northern audiences, music fresh from the dewy summer-time of the South, the people who listened were enthused with its wild, weird notes. And for his music the master was honored and made for himself a place among gentle people which was pleasing to a nature like his.

But during his lifetime Lanier's great work—his poetry—was signally neglected and unappreciated. In various magazines had appeared his now famous lyrics, but not one applauded them—no one even gave them passing notice. The disappointment must have cut deep into the poetic soul, for the singer was cognizant how much inspiration he had poured into these simple, but matchless songs.

When he went to Brunswick and his artist eye looked upon the vast stretches of the marshes of Glynn, his greatest poem came into his soul like the inroar of a mighty wave. Here was the beauty of the sky and air and sea, of marsh and bird and shore, of humility and greatness, pov-

erty and wealth and that nameless vastness of space which always lures the soul. Thousands had looked upon this same picture for hundreds of years, but to these thousands the picture was commonplace, dull and rude. It required the poetic eye to see its charm and the poetic pen of Sidney Lanier to change this commonplace marsh into one of the most wonderful pictures of beauty in the English language, for the Marshes of Glynn will live with the best of all modern poems.

He went out in the early morning on the shore, at Fernandina, saddened not only with the poverty which had followed his every footstep, but now burdened with that darker enemy of disease, which was closing in upon the little remnant of vitality which was left him. The sun came up out of a calm ocean, flooded the back-lying marshes and live oak forest with light and warmth and out of this morning of sorrow grew his wonderful poem of Sunrise. Into its lines he wove the web and woof of his clear sighted faith and his love of the simple, beautiful things of nature. "Sunrise" at the time was hardly noticed and yet in his last days Lanier had sent it to one of his closest friends, George West-

feld, with the priceless message that he except it as a last gift of what Lanier considered his best work. That one message immortalizes the poem and endears it forever to every lover of the master's songs.

The poetry of Sidney Lanier is more distinctly Southern than that of any other of our singers. The secret of his originality comes from his love of and his living near to nature. Like the great Audubon, the summer woods to him were like some vast cathedral through whose aisles came the music of bird and beetle and the sorrowful song of the wind. To him the sea was one vast unexplained mystery, full of life, passion, anger, peace and awe. It was like some living thing, alive with intelligence and, perchance, a soul, a magical, mystical thing, whose activities his trained mind could never understand. On the uplands the cornfields were like armies that stood with banners flying; in the meadow byways he found all the wonderful things he so beautifully wove into his famous poem "Symphony" and in the twilight there came to him those mystic phantoms and the silent touch of an absent hand which he painted in "An Evening Song."

“Look off dear Love, across the sallow
sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the
lands
Ah! longer, longer we.

Come forth, sweet stars and comfort
Heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted
sands.
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart
Never our lips, our hands.”

The moral trend in Lanier's poetry was largely concealed by its artistic craftsmanship. The average student of his work, enthused by its artistic beauty, forgets, in a measure, the strong thread of religious sentiment and purity which pervades all he wrote. And yet after reading there settles upon the soul of the reader that calm, dispassionate moral influence, as an uplift for good, which time nor change can displace. In a few lines, embodied in one of his Johns Hopkins lectures, he fixes this truth:

"Let any sculptor hew us out of the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman; yet if the lip has a certain fullness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggest a moral ugliness for a moral purpose—he may as well give over his marble for paving stones."

This passage from his lecture on Art sets up his moral standard for poetic beauty, a standard which the poet maintained in every line of his work. In the "Marshes of Glynn" he paints a picture of sinuous beauty, which critics have condemned and yet this passage is as pure as the sea-washed sands about which he wrote:

"Sinuous southward and sinuous northward
the shimmering band
Of the sand beach fastens the fringe of
the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and
southward the beach lines linger and
curl
As a silver wrought garment that clings to
and follows the firm, sweet limbs of
a girl."

In Alfred Lyall's splendid life of Tennyson a wonderful picture is painted of the threatening cloud of religious doubt which came over the English singer and blurred his hitherto moral vision. He questioned the worth of prayers, altars, churches, creeds, sacrifices and all tears of the penitents since the world began. If there be a great God of mercy, why is there planted in the heart of man the never failing instinct to sin—the turning away from right to what is always wrong—why this sin inheritance in every human soul? If there be a great God of tenderness, why the endless grief with which the world is filled—the poverty, want and destitution; suffering men, women and children; pain and hunger, disease and crime; the cries and the groans and the sobs of the friendless—why all this in a beautiful world and governed by a spotless God?

Our poet of the marshes and the sea never questioned the orthodoxy of a fundamental religion which suffused a wonderful world with its wonderful beauty and teaching. He gazed on the beauty of the external world; the green hills, the dreamy summer, the wood music and the laughing sea; then he looked within—at

the beauty of the soul, and found a trace of man's kinship to God—a trace of immortality. Faint echoes of this he heard in low, mysterious music; he felt it and lived it in the simple love which holds two hearts as one. As the still lagoon, cut off from its mother, the sea, hears the thunder of the waves upon the distant shore, and feels its imprisonment and separation, so his soul was cognizant of its kinship to immortality, and the vision was so clear as never to obscure the moral beauty of his verse.

But there was another side to the life of Sidney Lanier which made him the most tolerant of men and the bravest under the most trying conditions. Great moral strength and the most catholic spirit formed a major part of his wonderful nature. This side of Lanier is clearly told in one of his letters, in which he says:

“The man who is to write or to read the poetry of the future, may have a mere thread for his biceps, yet he shall be strong enough to handle hell; he shall play ball with the earth, and albeit his stature may be no more than a boy's he shall still be taller than the great red-woods of the Californias, his height shall be the height

of great resolution, and love, and faith, and beauty, and knowledge, and subtle meditation; his head shall be forever among the stars."

There is the breadth and scope of the man's outlook, which same spirit he has so beautifully expressed in this famous passage from the "Marshes of Glynn":

"Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and
the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span, like the catholic man,
who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of in-
finite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out
of stain."

One of the strongest impulses which swayed his entire life and helped make it so beautiful under the most trying circumstances was the spirit of hopefulness. This never failed him from the time the first poetic instinct blossomed in his soul, in early manhood, until the weary spirit left its body on that dark September day among the lonely pine trees of the North Carolina mountains. Above each misfortune that followed his way so swiftly and

above each disappointment that seemed to trail his foot steps, this will-o'-the-wisp of Hope beckoned; and brave soul that was his, the master forgot the wrecked castles of his dreams and pushed forward to some new land of promise that lay in the distance before him.

We find this spirit of hope running through all of his letters, especially in those to his wife, like a strong golden thread, to which the feeble hands ever clung with childlike confidence. But for this gracious characteristic the spirit of Sidney Lanier would have been broken and his work fallen in ruins even before the brief life of suffering had been half lived out.

Alongside the spirit of hope, in its sustaining power, was the broad horizon of visions, which forever lifted before his eyes. In all the range of literature I do not remember in the letters of a single poet such wonderful outline of poetic vision as that which constantly filled the soul of our master of the marshes. Great poems were ever surging through his brain, wonderful visions of fancy, so beautiful and immortal in character, that the brain was unable to tell in words what the soul saw

and felt. Prolific as Lanier was in the use of language and poetic imagery, true as were his songs to the soil of the marshes, meadow and cornfield, yet the master was helpless in all his greatness as a poet to translate the visions that continually haunted him. And while he knew this and often told how imperfect were his efforts, still these visions of beauty were richer to the poetic soul of the master than the things which the common world counts as wealth.

And yet with these two strong impulses of his nature standing out in clear relief upon the screen whereon his real character is revealed, there was still another which influenced Lanier more, perhaps, than these two combined. That was the impulse of music, of symphony, the mysterious influence which swayed the activities of his entire life. There was melody always in his soul and no matter how fast misfortunes came, a soul so rich in its heritage of entrancing sounds could not be starved. It was when he realized the full meaning of this influence upon him that he wrote his father in Macon that he was giving up the profession of the law—to follow the call of an impulse that meant

everything to him. And it was that final decision of the master—in spite of the protest of his family and friends—which made him the great singer of the South for all time, although it robbed him of fees which would have made existence easier. He cast the die for himself, choosing to answer the divine call of the gods, and through the decision he left a name upon the scroll of fame which all the world is glad to honor.

Sidney Lanier's spirit was the spirit of restlessness, that clear mark of genius, which the lives of so many poets have verified. Shelley, Keats and Byron, Rosetti, William Morris and our own immortal Poe, all felt its power and were helpless to resist. First a teacher, then the law, lecturer on art, writer of a guide book on Florida, finally a settled musician and writer of songs, such was the main trend and experience in his activities, through a poverty-smitten life of many disappointments.

When God made childhood he took of the sunshine and the clear light of stars, the coloring of flowers and their perfume, the faith of all ages and the cheerfulness of birds. Into these he wove a soul of love

and innocence and trust, and, behold, we have the Creator's finest work.

The master of the marshes was ever a child, a child in faith and trust and innocence, and withal a child in hopefulness, even amid the pitfalls of misfortune into which he was so often drawn.

Brief Sketches of Famous Songs

“Robin Adair”

“Those Evening Bells”

“The Last Rose of Summer”

“Abide With Me”

“Coming Through the Rye”

“Land O’ the Leal”

“ROBIN ADAIR”

When Lady Carolyn Keppell wrote “Robin Adair” she never dreamed what a sympathetic chord she was touching in thousands of human hearts. It is said she was so deeply in love at the time that the words came to her quickly and the famous old song was written in a few minutes. Being left alone, the words came to her in the spirit of inspiration—which is the basis for all true poetry or music.

The artist, the poet, and the sculptor must all work under the impulse of inspiration—otherwise there can be no merit in what they do. Any work of art must come from inspiration, else it does not measure up to where it belongs. And while there is no special literary merit in this poem—somehow it touched the great heart of humanity and leaped into popularity.

The Scotch claimed the song, and it was published about 1800, the melody having been written by Edward Bunting. The publisher (Thompson) claims that Burns was the author, which seems to be a mistake.

The best authorities claim that Lady Carolyn Keppel wrote it at Bath, and somehow it was wrongly attributed to Burns. It is said to be the same as Eileen Aroon—Eileen being the name for Ellen and meaning the treasure of my heart.

The song has been sung in many dialects, and has been issued in many editions by various publishers. Coming down to the present, the following is the form used today in most editions:

What's this dull town to me?

Robin's not near,—

He whom I wished to see,

Wished for to hear;

Where's all the joy and mirth

Made life a heaven on earth,

O, they're all fled with thee,

Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?

Robin Adair:

What made the ball so fine?

Robin was there:

What, when the play was o'er

What made my heart so sore?

O't it was parting with

Robin Adair.

"THOSE EVENING BELLS"

Perhaps Thomas Moore's poems have found their way into more popular songs than any other English, Scotch, or Irish poet, unless it be Robert Burns. This is because so many of his poems are so easily adaptable to a musical setting.

A large number of Moore's shorter poems breathe the very incense of music. He was pre-eminently the love-poet of all singers. It would be a difficult matter to trace the many poems from his pen which have been set to music.

One poem, in particular, has become a famous college song and now appears in nearly all collections of college music. It has been sung, perhaps, by the students in every college and university in this country and abroad. I refer to the poem by Thomas Moore, entitled:

"Those Evening Bells"

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

"The Last Rose of Summer"

Another popular song, which has been a favorite for many years, originally appeared in the collection known as "Irish Melodies." With few exceptions, it has been sung by more people than any other melody of modern times. Somehow it touches the heart and arouses recollections that bring tears to the eyes. It belongs to the immortals among songs and will live as long as English songs are sung. I refer to the well known old favorite known as:

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

'T is the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions

LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

Are faded and gone
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud, is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping
Go, sleep thou with them:
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

"ABIDE WITH ME"

Perhaps the most popular hymn for many years past is the well known "Abide with Me," which was written many years ago by Henry Francis Lyte. Along with "Rock of Ages," "Lead Kindly Light," "Nearer My God to Thee," it ranks among the melodies which have led many an erring soul to the road of higher living. It carries the spirit of that higher life, which brought many back to the highway of a better life.

A story is told of this famous old song being sung in a country church—Outside a tramp was passing—a man who had known better days and who had been brought up in a home where religion was taught and practiced.

The tramp had fallen from his early training and had gone down into the depths of temptation, with not a ray of hope left upon which to cling.

As he passed along the country road, the sweet notes of "Abide with Me" caused him to stop. He listened, and as the last verse was being sung, he crept into the church and remained through the services. When these were over and the audience

dismissed, the tramp went to the minister and told the story of his down-fall. The good man of the church took him in hand, carried him to a mission house near-by and found for him some wholesome work.

From that day on the tramp was a changed man. The melody of the old hymn had touched his soul. He reformed—took up a new life—and in a few years became a respected citizen. To the end of his days he kept his hold upon the new life he had entered and died with a strong hold upon the faith which the song had taught him. Perhaps hundreds of others have been saved in the same manner.

The poem is made up of six verses, all of which ring with the very essence of right living. The song has been translated into various languages and is now sung by people of various denominations. It knows no single or selfish creed, but proclaims a kind of universal religion. The two first and last verses are herewith given:

“Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwelt with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient free,—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

BRIEF SKETCHES

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy
wings:

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide
with me!

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies:

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee:

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

"COMING THROUGH THE RYE"

It is hardly appropriate to follow the above pathetic poem with "Coming Through the Rye," and yet both have for their theme that great world of love. So it is not so much out of place after all. This song has been a most popular air through a long period of years and is still popular with many—especially the young. The first half of the famous old song is herewith given:

"Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie,—
Ne'er a ane hae I;
Yet a'the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

"THE LAND O' THE LEAL"

Sorrowful, but pathetic and beautiful in every line are these verses from the above well known song, written by Carolina, Baroness Nairne:

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa',
 To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
 To the land o'the leal.
Our bonnie gairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean:
O, we grudged her right sair
 To the land o' the leal

THE HIGH LIGHTS IN POETIC EXPRESSION

The highest joy which may come to any human soul is that which follows ones ability to express himself in choice language, descriptive of some subject which lies closest to the heart.

The choice of delicate words in expressing a beautiful thought is in itself a supreme joy.

And it is only while under the spell of inspiration that the poet is able to muster such an array of words that will enable him to convey to the reader his conception of a beautiful thought.

Sidney Lanier spent a short life-time in earnest literary work—working under the depression of poverty until the end. Yet any one who has read his letters will realize the joy he garnered from the work he did even under such trying conditions.

In writing his well known poem, "Individuality," what joy must have come to him as he addressed the clouds in these beautiful lines:

"Sail on! Sail on, fair cousin cloud:
Oh loiter, hither from the sea,
Still-eyed and shadow-brow'd—
Steal off from yon far drifting crowd
And come and brood upon the marsh with
me."

And in his famous poem, "The Marshes of Glynn," are these four lines of exquisite beauty, known as "The Beach."

"Sinuous southward and sinuous north-
ward the shimmering band
Of sea and beach fastens the fringe of the
marsh to the folds of the land;
Inward and outward to northward and
southward the beach lines linger and
curl
As a silver wrought garment that clings
to and follows the firm sweet limbs of
a girl."

One can easily understand the inward satisfaction which must have followed the poets completion of his exquisite picture of a scene along the Georgia coast.

Out of all the beautiful thoughts which continually dropped from the pen of Percy Bysshe Shelley, I have never yet

been able to find any thing more beautiful and which embodies in a few words this, from "The West Winds":

"O wind!

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

Struggling through life from physical suffering, William Ernest Henley was nevertheless able to give to the world some beautiful thoughts. But among all the things he wrote his fame will rest upon his well known poem "Invictus," the two famous stanzas from which are these:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

One is more or less astounded at the patience required of Gray to spend seven years in writing his "Elegy in a Country Church Yard," yet when its beauty is anal-

yzed, one can easily understand the compensation which followed its completion. It might be called "the faultless poem"—so uniform is its meter and the excellent language used throughout, as these two verses indicate:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to
me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on
the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning
flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
folds.

When Edgar Allan Poe laid aside that matchless production "The Raven" and realized the originality and beauty of what he had done, one can easily understand the joy which must have filled his soul. Poe was always proud of his work, but this wonderful product of his brain

must have given him the keenest pleasure. In writing "The Raven" he blazed the way for a new style of verse which would naturally bring to this man of a morbid temperament the keenest physical pleasure. One has but to read these two verses to realize the truthfulness of this assertion:

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a
demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming
throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that
lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I
pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of
forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly
there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at
my chamber door.

' 'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at
my chamber door—

Only this and nothing more.'

Tennyson, one of England's greatest poets, in spite of his calm temperament, was often troubled with doubt and a lack of faith in the hereafter. As his otherwise happy life drew nearer its close, these doubts seemed to thicken on the horizon of his future, and yet in his later years he could sing with a new faith which he embodied in "Crossing the Bar" from which these are taken:

"Sunset and even star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Whether we attribute the writing of the verses quoted below to Omar Khayyam, the author, or to Edward Fitzgerald, the translator, the joy of their production must be the same. Great wealth nor the possession of worldly gifts can ever produce such happiness as must come to one who translates into simple language such beautiful thoughts as these verses embody:

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Roses as where some buried Caesar
bled;

That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely
Head.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh' Wilderness were Paradise enow!

During his strange life, filled with adventure and many phases of experience, Bayard Taylor wrote many beautiful poems. These ran the full gamut of human experience from poverty to happy contentment, yet one of his poems which is seldom read, has always appealed to me as

perhaps, his best. It is the well known poem known as "The Song of the Camp," and the picture it embodies is one full of pathos and intense sweetness. It is the night before that famous battle when the British and "the tawny mound of the Malakoff" were to meet, and in the weariness of waiting some one called for a song. A few verses are sufficient to give the reader a picture of that fateful night:

"Give us a song!" the soliders cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow:
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

SONG OF THE CAMP

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Few songs in the great volume of English literature are more pathetic, and "The Song of the Camp" will live long to keep green the memory of its gifted author.

The pleasure-loving Romans were accustomed to give great feasts, at which the tables were loaded with every delicacy that could please the appetite. They would eat and drink until the world seemed an Eden of joy and they imagined that they were getting the most that life had to offer.

But the Romans' idea of real happiness was founded upon a false foundation. The poet who gives birth to a beautiful thought and then clothes it in the choicest language is the real philosopher who gleams the greatest happiness out of life. The sum total of his accomplishment may be only a few verses, but if these have real merit, he finds a satisfaction in what he has

done that will not only give him supreme joy—but what he has done will live after he has gone, to bless and make others happy also. His is the happiness that will last and is the only thing that makes life worth while and worth striving for.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful epitaphs ever written by a living author was the "Requiem" penned by Robert Louis Stevenson, in Samoa before he died and which marks his grave today. In that far away island, lifting itself out of the mysterious Pacific, Stevenson spent the last years of his disease-haunted career. There with a peaceful end approaching, he had a chance to review his eventful life. That life had been full of both joy and grief—of disappointments and accomplished hopes—a short life, it is true, but one in which strange desires had been attained. Looking backward upon its unwritten pages, Stevenson wrote these two matchless verses which were finally to mark his resting place:

Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Likewise Longfellow, who possessed the true poet's love of peace and poise, has given us in his finest poem, "The Day is Done" his longing for quietude. After expressing his desire for calm and contentment—his wish for poised comradeship at the close of day—he closes that typical poem of his with this finest of all his verses:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

The student of history will always remember that expression of General Wolfe on the night before the Battle of Quebec. He had been reading to his fellow officers Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and before retiring remarked that he would rather be the author of that poem than win the battle on the heights of

Abraham, which awaited him on the morrow. We all know the result of that battle, but the remembrance of General Wolfe will go down in history as one of the most remarkable in the annals of English warfare. While both of the commanding officers were killed in the terrible struggle, it is a comfort to know that the British commander was not only a brave warrior, but a lover of beautiful poetry as well. It is in keeping with Bayard Taylor's celebrated remark that "the bravest are the loving."

SOME ESTIMATES OF THE LITERARY WORK OF

H. E. Harman, Atlanta, Ga.

From The Boston Transcript

In Mr. Harman's poetry there is not an echo, but a feeling for nature, a spiritual passion, that makes the glow in the art of Sidney Lanier. It has its plentiful sprinklings of pathos and tenderness and brooding music, but it is the wholesomeness, the ideal of aspiring faith, that gives to his songs their heartening and irresistible appeal. That poet does not vex his readers with any symbol of philosophy, but the essence of a philosophy embues all he sings with a conspicuous and easy grace.

Poetry that has so much deep feeling, so many charming graces of expression, in which the rich and varied sentiments of common human experience are woven all through with the fragrance and mystery, the delightful companionship of nature, is certainly worthy of that wider admiration among poetry lovers which it is steadily winning.

(Editorial From The Atlanta Journal)

Whoever prizes the gold of the sun and the green of the fields will find treasure a plenty in Mr. H. E. Harman's new poems. In a day when clever conceits and so-called new ideas are the fad in verse, it is refreshing to find a man who goes back to primal haunts and gives us a song with the old, red, warm blood running through it. Poetry is as old as the stars,

and like the stars, too, it is forever young. It links all our yesterdays with all our tomorrows. It is the savor of old wine, the glory of old wood on the hearthstone, the wisdom of old books, the cheer of old friends.

Such are the themes of Mr. Harman's song. He tells us again out of his own heart, and simply, of the things that always will mean much to mankind.

(From the Atlanta Constitution)

Signal literary recognition has come to Henry E. Harman, a well known citizen and capitalist of Atlanta, in an extended and favorable review recently given Mr. Harman's poetical selections by, no less critical an authority than The Boston (Mass.) Transcript. The Constitution reproduces portions of the Transcript's appreciation, though the entire review extends over two columns.

The Transcript is foremost among American newspapers in its literary standards. To the culture of Boston, it adds exacting traditions and ideals of its own. The imprimatur of its approval means that a writer has arrived in a sense truly national. And it is as a national poet, nation-wide in vision and horizon, that The Transcript acclaims the Atlanta man.

It is rare, in these days of materialism, that a poet sings with sufficient clearness to draw to him the eyes of the nation. That is what Mr. Harman has done. It is the more notable, in that, like Edmund Clarence Stedman, the famous banker-literateur, of New York, he adds practical achievement to his remarkable gifts as a poet and a scholar.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The writer wishes to thank Messrs P. J. Kennedy & Sons, of New York, for permission to reproduce "The Conquered Banner," by Father Ryan, Dr. Samuel Minturn Peck for the privilege to reprint "The Grapevine Swing." In correspondence during their lifetime permission was given by the authors to use such of their work as I wished from Robert Loveman, Miss Howard Weeden, John Charles McNeill, Judge Walter Malone and others.

ERRATA

Last sentence, paragraph 2, page 10, should read: And yet, each subject that has been treated includes the outstanding incidents.

Page 18, Line 10: Lyte instead of Syte.

Page 21, Line 12: Minturn instead of Mintern.

Page 61: The word poems omitted.

Page 103, first line: Love should be loved.

On page 122, instead of Tartwick, should be Hartwick.

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